



BATMAN

No. 129

NOV.

Ten Cents



Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

**BATMAN
AND ROBIN**
brave modern
danger in an
old-fashioned
crime thriller!

FAMILY ALBUM



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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB
KANE

FAMILY ALBUM

THEY WERE CALLED THE GAY NINETIES, THOSE TIMES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO, WHEN AUTOMOBILES WERE A NEW MARVEL AND AIRPLANES WERE STILL INVENTORS' DREAMS. BUT CRIME FLOURISHED EVEN IN THOSE OLD-FASHIONED DAYS, WITH YEGGS AND CON-MEN INSTEAD OF RACKETEERS. AND WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN FOLLOW A CRIME TRAIL TO A CORNER OF MODERN AMERICA WHERE THE GAY NINETIES STILL MIRACULOUSLY EXIST, THEY FIND PLENTY OF UP-TO-DATE DANGER ON-

"The ISLE of YESTERDAY!"



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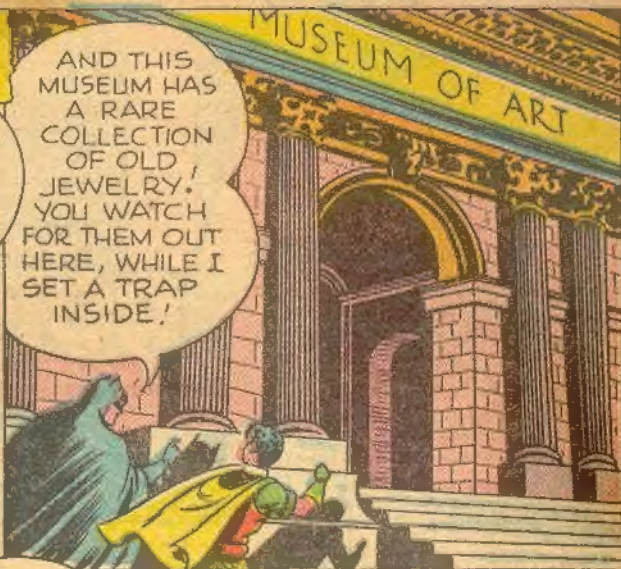
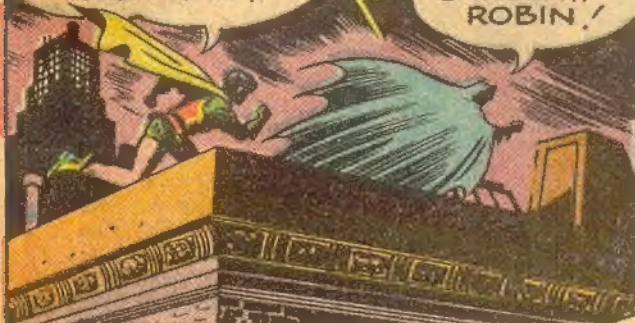
Printed in U.S.A.

THUNDER OF AN APPROACHING STORM GROWLS OMINOUSLY OVER SLEEPING GOTHAM CITY! BUT TWO EERIE FIGURES ARE NOT SLEEPING —

BUT, BATMAN, WHY DO YOU THINK THAT NEW GANG OF JEWEL THIEVES WILL STRIKE AT THE MUSEUM NEXT?

FOR SOME REASON, THEY SPECIALIZE ONLY IN OLD-FASHIONED JEWELRY, ROBIN!

AND THIS MUSEUM HAS A RARE COLLECTION OF OLD JEWELRY! YOU WATCH FOR THEM OUT HERE, WHILE I SET A TRAP INSIDE!



YOU MEAN, THOSE JEWEL BANDITS MAY COME HERE?

YES, AND WHEN THEY DO — SAY, WAIT A MINUTE...

THAT CAP DOESN'T FIT YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE REAL WATCHMAN!

THE BLOKE IS ONTO US, BOYS! CLOUT HIM!

THIS WATCHMAN LOOKS PHONEY!



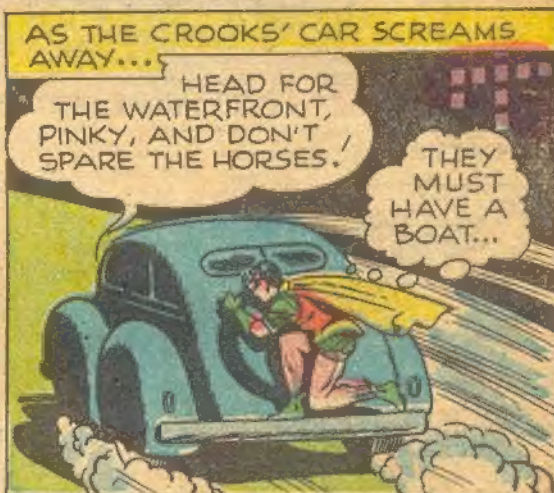
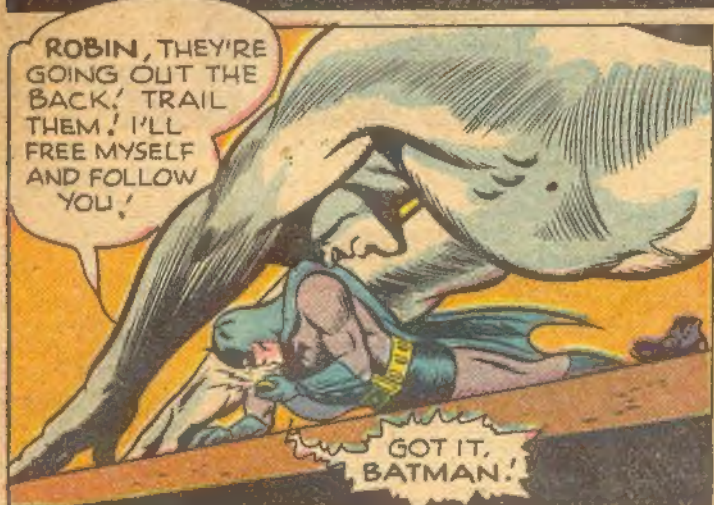
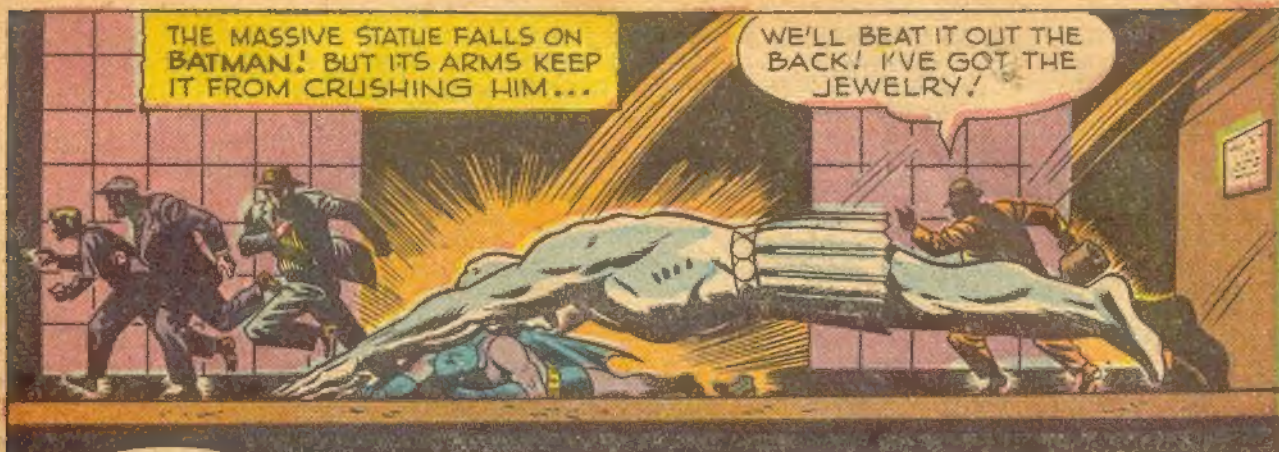
OOPS! SORRY YOUR SHOE CAME OFF! YOU MADE A GOOD WAR CLUB!

THIS STATUE WILL PUT THE KIBOSH ON YOU, SNOOPER!

INSTEAD OF SETTING A TRAP, BATMAN HAS WALKED INTO ONE! FOR OUT OF THE DARKNESS CHARGE THE JEWEL BANDITS!

YOU GOT ME INTO THIS SPOT, BUB, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ME OUT.





LATER, IN THE LAB AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME, DICK GRAYSON AND BRUCE EXAMINE THEIR ONLY CLUE...

THE DUST CONTAINS SPRUCE-NEEDLES, BIRCH POLLEN AND BITS OF SAND.

RIGHT! AND WE'LL USE THE BATPLANE TO FIND THAT ISLAND. BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THE OLD-FASHIONED ANGLE.

..WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW THEIR HIDEOUT IS ON A NEARBY ISLAND!

THIS DUST-ANALYZER MAY FIND A CLUE IN THIS OLD-FASHIONED BUTTON SHOE I PULLED OFF ONE OF THE THIEVES!

THEN WE LOOK FOR A NEARBY ISLAND WITH SPRUCE AND BIRCH TREES GROWING NEAR ITS BEACHES!

LATER...

WHAT ABOUT THAT ISLAND AHEAD, ROBIN?

BIRCH AND SPRUCE TREES. THAT MUST BE IT!

NO ISLAND SO FAR WITH SPRUCE AND BIRCH ALONG ITS BEACH!

IT DOESN'T HAVE AN AIRPORT, SO I'LL LAND ON THAT FOOTBALL FIELD!

LOOK! THEY'RE PLAYING THE OLD FLYING-WEDGE STYLE FOOT-BALL!

AND HERE COMES AN OLD-FASHIONED POLICE WAGON.



WHILE YOU'RE HERE ON GOODWIN ISLAND, YOU MUST TURN OVER TO US, FOR SAFEKEEPING, YOUR FLYING MACHINE AND ANY OTHER CONTRAPTIONS YOU HAVE.

BUT WHY? IS THERE A LAW AGAINST MODERN INVENTIONS?



YOU BET THERE IS! JUDGE JAMES GOODWIN OWNS THIS ISLAND, AND HE WON'T ALLOW NEW-FANGLED THINGS HERE.

WOW! THESE PEOPLE ARE LIVING FIFTY YEARS IN THE PAST!



WE OBEY THE LAW WHEREVER WE GO, BUT PLEASE KEEP OUR UTILITY BELTS LOCKED UP SO NO ONE CAN EXAMINE THEM.

THEY'LL BE KEPT IN OUR SAFE! NOW YOU CAN GO ON INTO GOODWINVILLE!



TO THE ASTOUNDED DUO, GOODWINVILLE IS A TOWN MAGICALLY TRANSPORTED FROM THE GAY NINETIES TO MODERN TIMES!

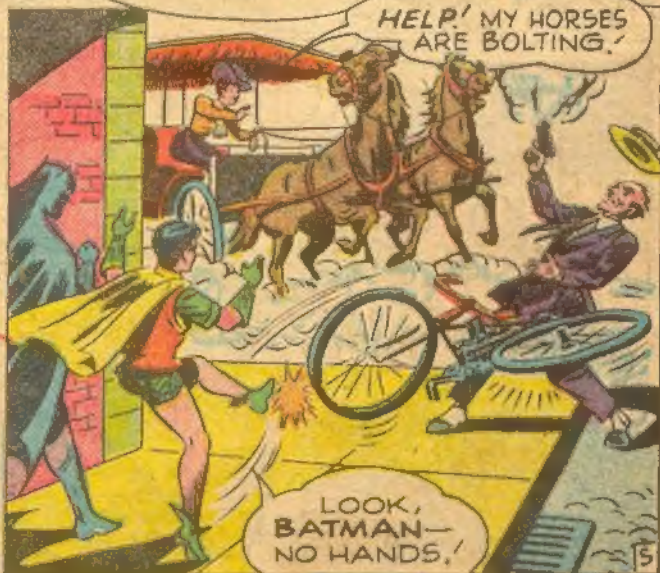
A WHOLE TOWN FIFTY YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES! JUDGE GOODWIN MUST HATE PROGRESS!

NOW WE KNOW THOSE JEWEL THIEVES WITH THEIR OLD-FASHIONED TALK CAME FROM HERE! LET'S LOOK AROUND!



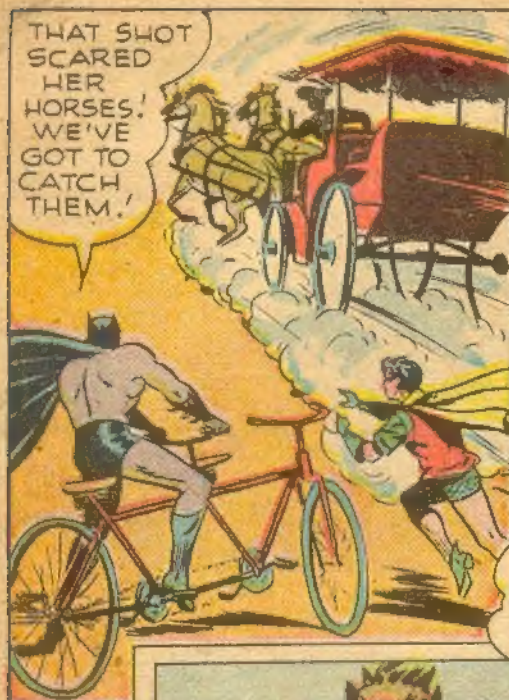
IT'S THE THUG WHO WAS THE FAKE "WATCHMAN" AT THE MUSEUM!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

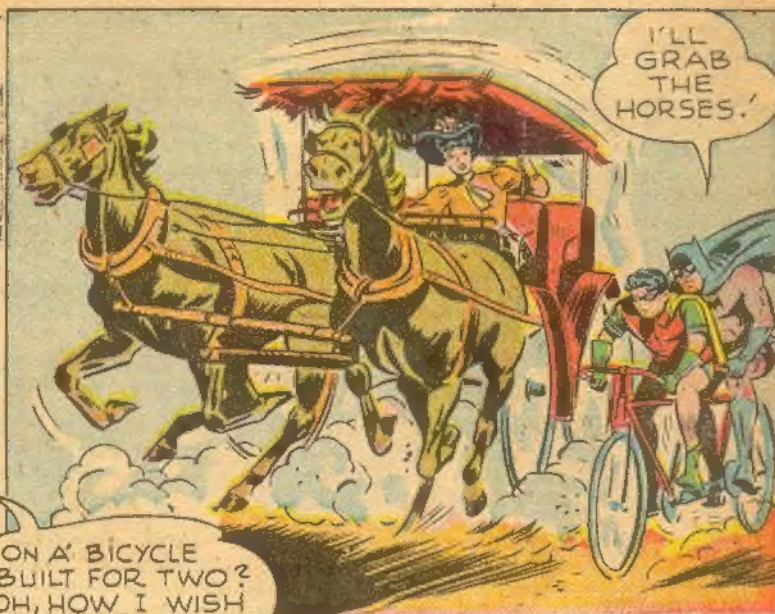


HELP! MY HORSES ARE BOLTING!

LOOK, BATMAN—NO HANDS!



THAT SHOT
SCARED
HER
HORSES!
WE'VE
GOT TO
CATCH
THEM!



I'LL
GRAB
THE
HORSES!

ON A BICYCLE
BUILT FOR TWO?
OH, HOW I WISH
WE HAD THE
BATMOBILE!



POWERFUL ARMS
DRAG THE PANICKED
HORSES TO A HALT...



YOU SAVED
MY LIFE!

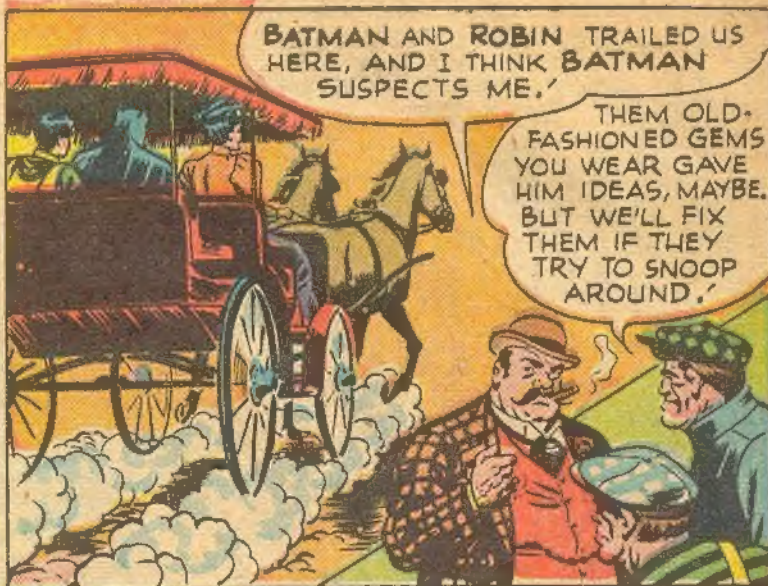
IT WAS
THAT THUG'S
SHOT AT US
THAT SCARED
YOUR HORSES!

AND THAT LITTLE
CROOK GOT AWAY
AGAIN!



STRANGER, I'M "DIAMOND DAN"
CARSON AND I WANT TO THANK
YOU FOR SAVING JUDGE GOODWIN'S
GRANDDAUGHTER. MARY
MEANS A LOT TO ME!

"DIAMOND"
DAN? AND
THOSE JEWEL
BANDITS STOLE
ONLY OLD-
FASHIONED GEMS!
I WONDER...?





I MUST CROSS THE ROOM TO REACH DIAMOND DAN'S OFFICE! IF I HAD SOME SORT OF DISGUISE —

SHE'S ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE!



AN EMPTY DRESSING ROOM YIELDS MAKEUP AND A COSTUME ...

THIS WAITER'S SUIT AND THE PHONEY MUSTACHE WILL GET ME BY!

BUT AS THE DISGUISED BATMAN ENTERS THE CAFE ...



... HE IS PULLED INTO A SINGING WAITER ACT.

THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE —

YOUR VOICE IS AWFUL, CHUM.



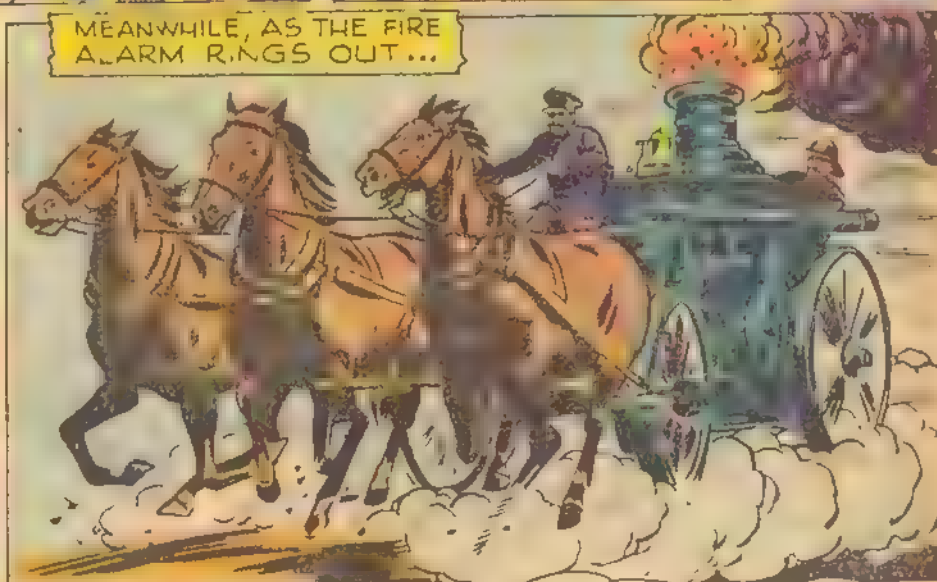
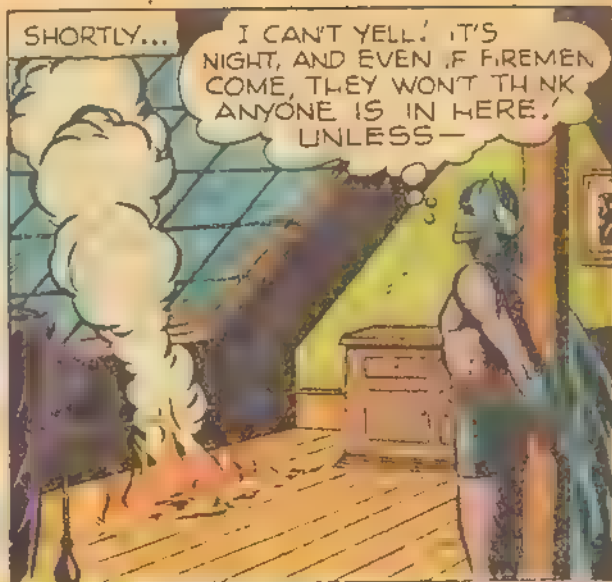
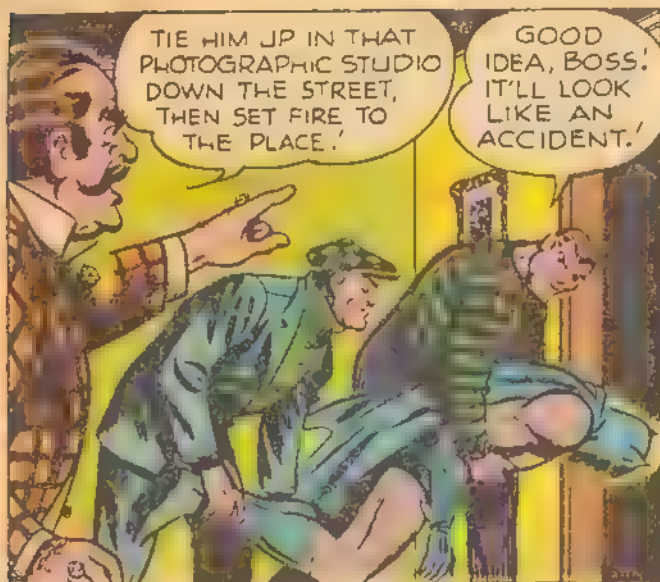
FINALLY, THE SONG ENDS, BATMAN GETS ACROSS THE ROOM, AND MAKES A QUICK SWITCH AGAIN!

WHEW, THAT WAS AN ORDEAL! NOW TO SEARCH DIAMOND DAN'S OFFICE FOR THE LOOT!



YOU'RE NOT CLEVER ENOUGH, BATMAN! I FIGURED YOU'D COME SNOOPING IN HERE! SO I WAITED FOR YOU!

THESE BRASS KNUCKLES WILL TAKE THE BRASS OUT OF HIM!





BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN FLAMING WALLS TO STOP ROBIN!

SWING ME OUT OVER THAT SKYLIGHT, QUICKLY!

HI, PAL! THIS IS NO TIME TO BE POSING FOR PICTURES!

SWIFTLY ROBIN FREES HIS PAL! THEN...

SWING US OUT! HURRY!

HE'S GETTING OUT! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW, BEFORE THEY NAB US!

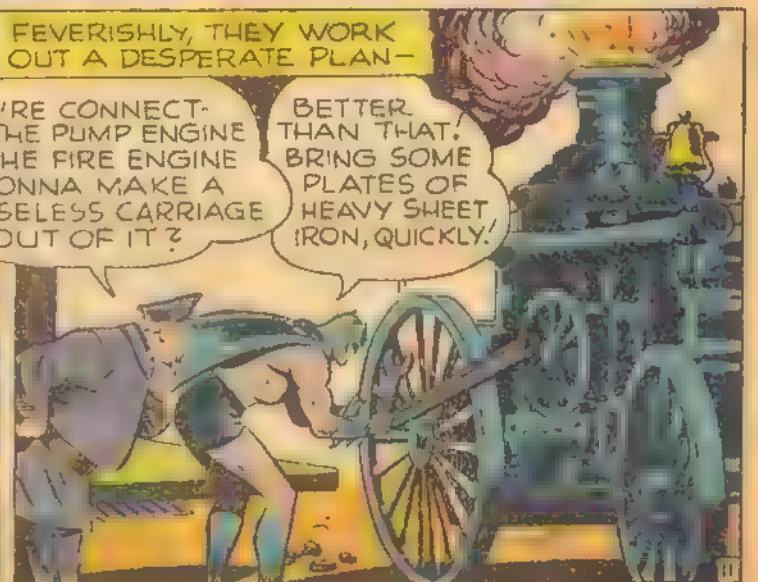
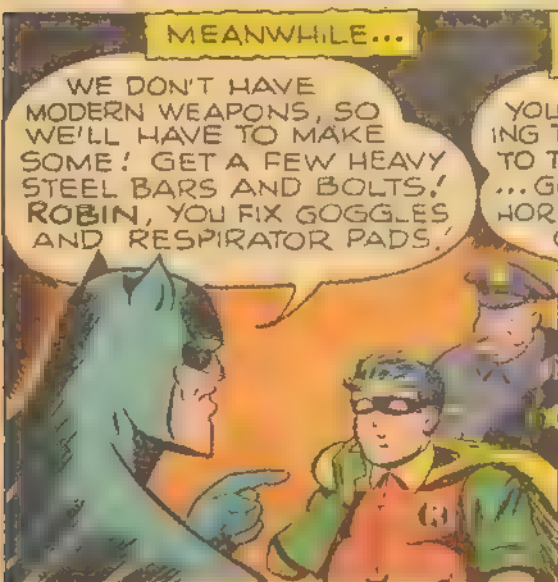
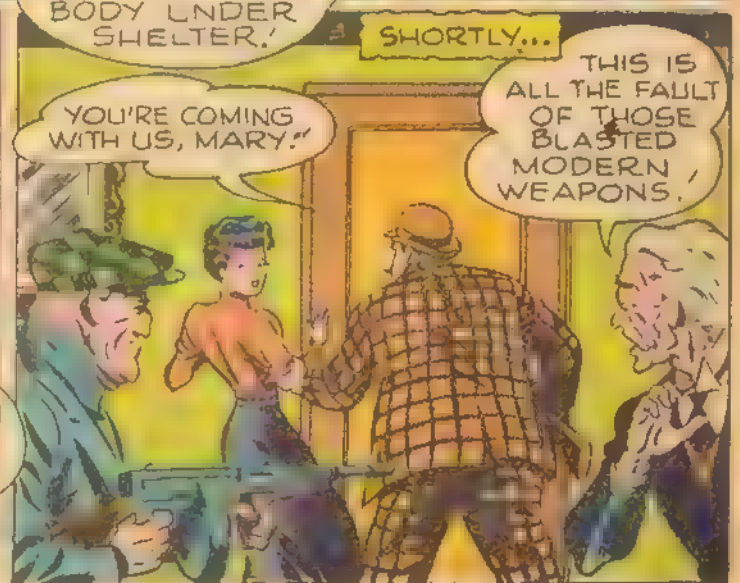
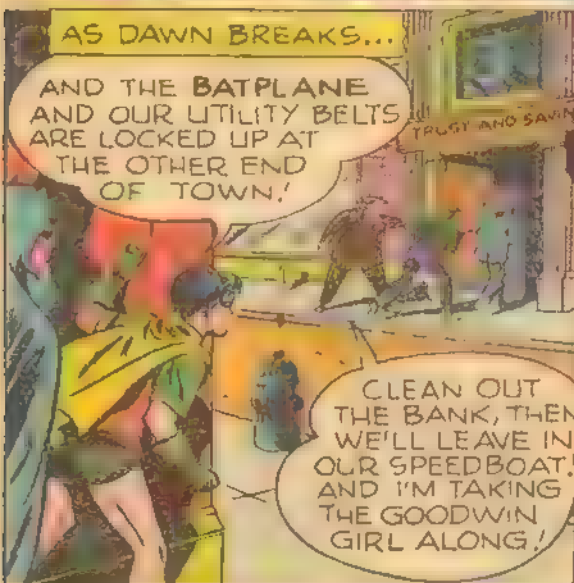
SHORTLY, AT THE POLICE STATION...

DIAMOND DAN IS LEADER OF THE JEWEL THIEVES WHO HAVE BEEN RAIDING GOTHAM CITY!

WE'LL SEARCH HIS CAFE FOR PROOF! COME ON...

WE'RE TAKING OVER THE ISLAND! UP WITH YOUR HANDS— ALL OF YOU!







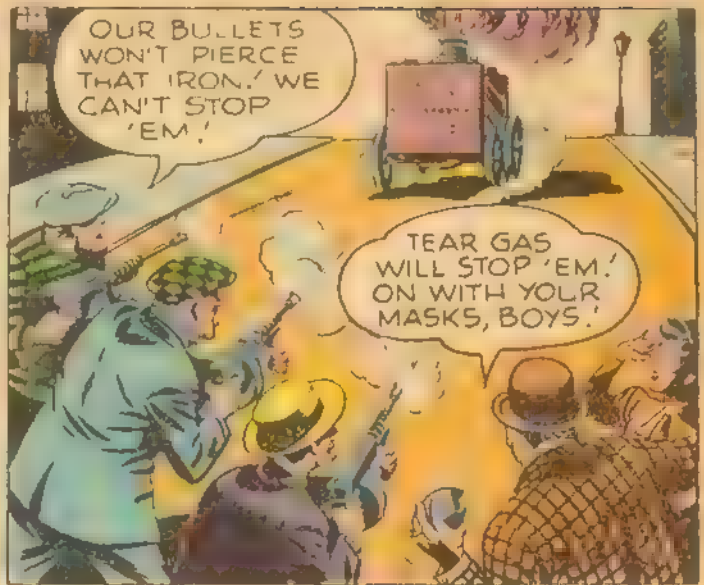
MINUTES LATER, A WEIRD VEHICLE
LUMBERS DOWN MAIN STREET.

WOW!
YOU MADE
A TANK OUT
OF IT.



OUR BULLETS
WON'T PIERCE
THAT IRON. WE
CAN'T STOP
'EM.

TEAR GAS
WILL STOP 'EM!
ON WITH YOUR
MASKS, BOYS.



BUT THROUGH THE BARRAGE OF GAS
CHARGE FIGURES MASKED WITH GOGGLES
AND RESPIRATOR PADS.

THE ONLY
JEWELRY YOU'LL WEAR FROM
NOW ON, DIAMOND DAN IS
STEEL BRACELETS.

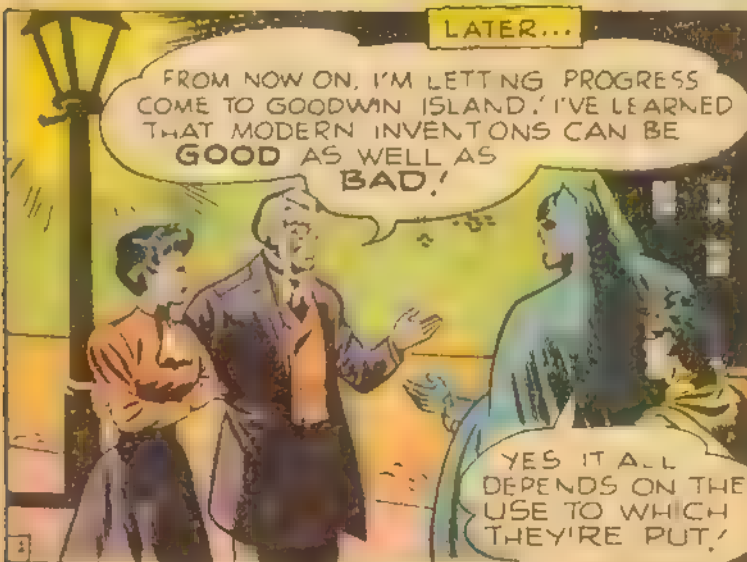
I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW TO PLAY
FOOTBALL THE
MODERN WAY.



LATER...

FROM NOW ON, I'M LETTING PROGRESS
COME TO GOODWIN ISLAND. I'VE LEARNED
THAT MODERN INVENTIONS CAN BE
**GOOD AS WELL AS
BAD!**

YES IT ALL
DEPENDS ON THE
USE TO WHICH
THEY'RE PUT.



IT WAS LIKE GOING
BACK AND LIVING IN
OUR GRANDFATHERS'
TIME.

YES, BUT
NOT QUITE AS
PEACEFUL
AS THE GAY,
NINETIES.



THE
END

BATMAN also blasts crime in every issue of WORLD'S FINEST COMICS and BATMAN!

ADVERTISEMENT

Wally BUTTS

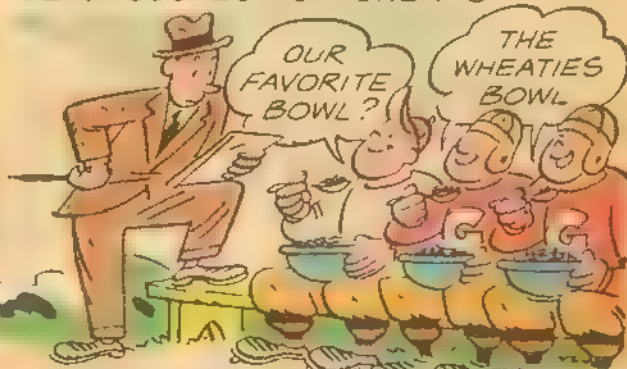
CHAMPION COACH OF THE
CHAMPION GEORGIA BULLDOGS



LET'S GET ANOTHER
TOUCHDOWN



ONLY MAJOR COLLEGE
TEAM TO REMAIN **UNBEATEN AND
UNTIED** DURING THE 1946 SEASON
(INCLUDING BOWL GAME)--THE BUTTS
BOYS WERE 10 POINTS BETTER THAN
THEIR TOUGHEST OPPONENTS



MASTER BUTTS, AND THE
GEORGIA BULLDOGS, HAVE PLAYED 4 POST-
SEASON GAMES--FASTENED ON TO 4 **BOWL
CHAMPIONSHIPS**. THEY MADE A CLEAN SWEEP
OF THE ORANGE BOWL (1942), ROSE BOWL (1943), OIL
BOWL (1946) AND SUGAR BOWL (1947)

TOP-GRADE
FOOTBALL
CALLS FOR REAL
TRAINING--AND GOOD
EATING," SAYS WALLY
BUTTS. "I LIKE TO SEE MY
BOYS EATING LOTS OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.'
THERE AREN'T MANY
DISHS THAT CAN TOP
WHEATIES--FOR **NOURISHMENT**
--OR FLAVOR"

YOU CAN'T
BEAT
WHEATIES

WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions
are registered trade marks of

General Mills, Inc.



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



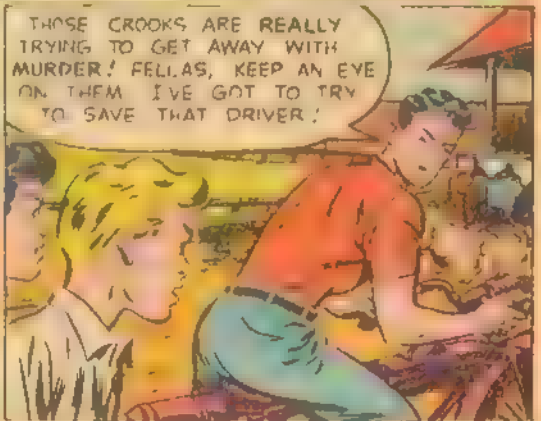
RACING TO THE RESCUE



DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BOYS OF
THE ELM
CITY BIKE
CLUB ARE
AT THE
AUTO-RACES.
WHEN THEY
OVERHEAR,



THOSE CROOKS ARE REALLY
TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH
MURDER! FELLAS, KEEP AN EYE
ON THEM. I'VE GOT TO TRY
TO SAVE THAT DRIVER!



U.S. ROYAL ENTERS THE RACE!



JUST IN
TIME THERE GO
THE TIRES!



IN THE MEANTIME...

THE CROOKS
ARE ESCAP-
ING IN
THAT CAR!

THEY WON'T GET
FAR. WE'LL GIVE
THEIR LICENSE
NUMBER TO THE
ROAD-POLICE!



AND SOON...

BOY, WHAT
TEAMWORK! ONE
LIFE SAVED AND
TWO SCOUNDRELS
CAUGHT!

THANKS
TO THREE
BIKES!



IF YOU WANT REAL
CONTROL ON YOUR BIKE, GET
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES WITH
THE BUILT IN SKID CHAIN



"THE TIRE WITH THE 'BUILT IN
SKID CHAIN' S TOPS WITH
ME" -- SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IT'S AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING BIKE TIRE.
THAT'S U.S. ROYAL. AND FOR A GOOD REASON.
GIVES YOU SAFE FOOTING. AND SO IT
STOPS WHEN YOU NEED THEM MORE THAN
A 100. COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY TIRES.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

AIR WAVE

WIZARD OF
WIRELESS AND
MAGICIAN OF
RADIO, THEY CALL
HIM... AND NOW
AIR WAVE'S
MAGIC DOESN'T
WORK! YES, HIS
RADIO BECOMES
USELESS... AND
CROOKS HAVE A
FIELD DAY WHEN
AIR WAVE'S MAGIC
BECOME'S BLACKED
OUT BY...

**Crime
Spots
ON THE
Sun!**



AT THE HIDEOUT OF GANG CHIEF STOOP
STOVER, PARTNERS IN PLUNDER PLAN
MORE JOBS...

YOU HAVE GOOD
IDEAS, BOYS, BUT THERE'S ONE
THING WRONG
WITH THEM,



SOON AS WE
START OPERATIN',
AIR WAVE CAN
TUNE IN... AND
THAT ENDS
US!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
STOOP! IF I HAD A
NICKEL FOR EVERY
JOB DAT GUY
GUMMED UP, I
COULD RIDE DA
SUBWAY DA REST
OF ME LIFE!



Joe
Harris



MEANWHILE, A FAMED ASTRONOMER REVEALS SOME NEWS THAT CONCERNS AIR WAVE!

YES, GENTLEMEN, THERE HAS BEEN AN UNPRECEDENTED ERUPTION ON THE SUN!

SO WHAT? WHY DOES THAT MAKE NEWS FOR US?

IT'S NEWS BECAUSE THE ERUPTIONS CAUSE SUN SPOTS WHICH WILL DISRUPT RADIO COMMUNICATION ALL OVER THE WORLD! AND THEY'RE THE WORST WE'VE EVER HAD!

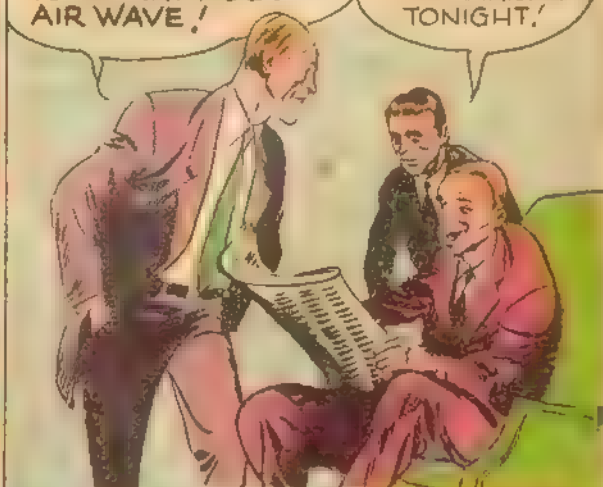


HEY, BOSS, LOOK AT DIS!

DAILY RECORD
SUN SPOTS TO RUIN RADIO RECEPTION SAYS SCIENTIST

WITH RADIOS GOIN' BAD... WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AIR WAVE!

RIGHT! WE'LL DO THOSE JOBS NOW - STARTIN' TONIGHT!

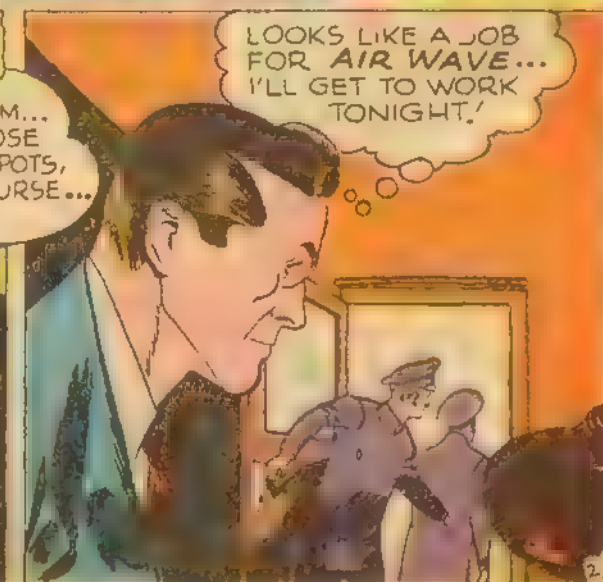


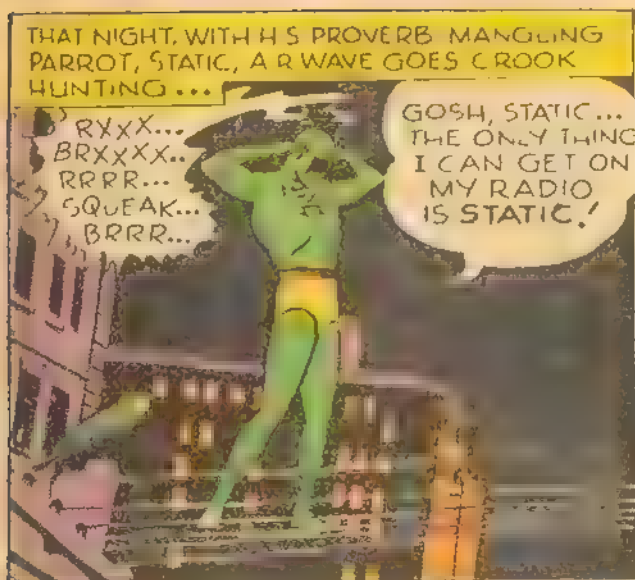
AND IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN... AL AS AIR WAVE...

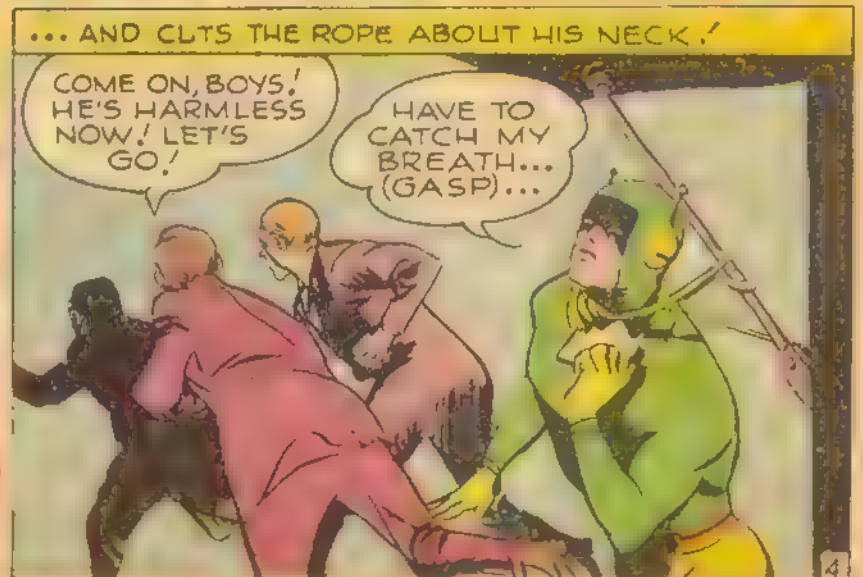
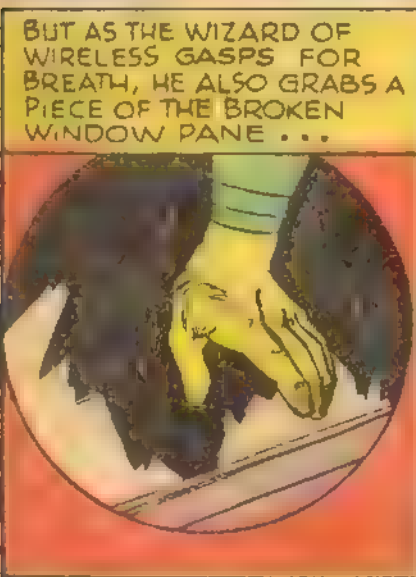
IT WASN'T OUR FAULT THE CROOKS ESCAPED, MR. JORDAN! STATIC INTERFERED WITH ALL POLICE RADIOS!

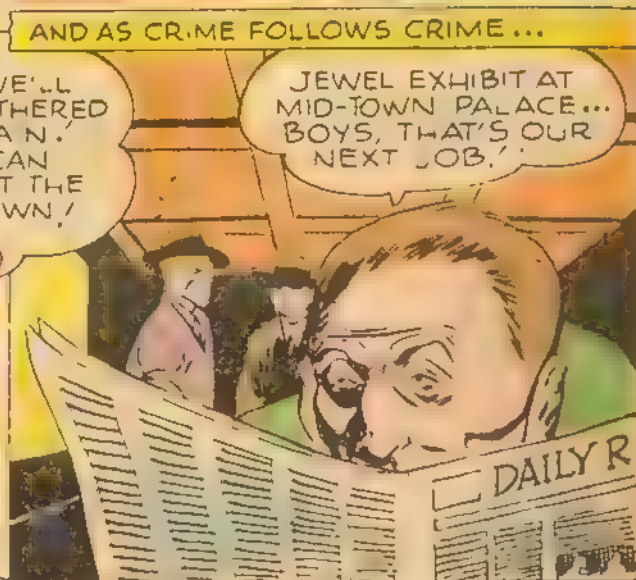
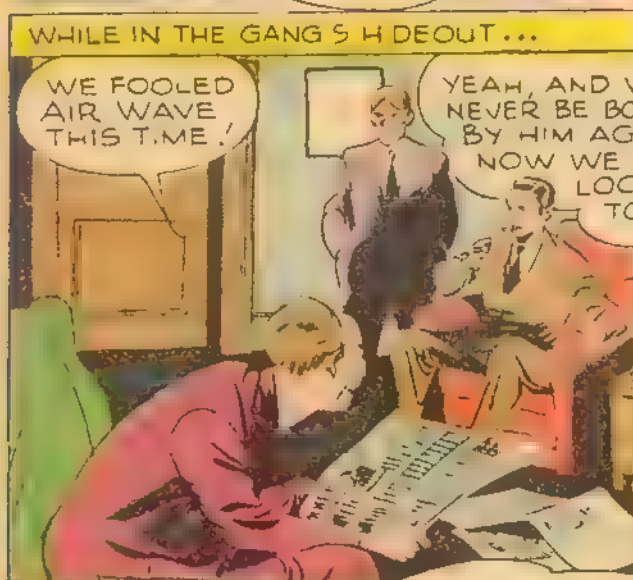
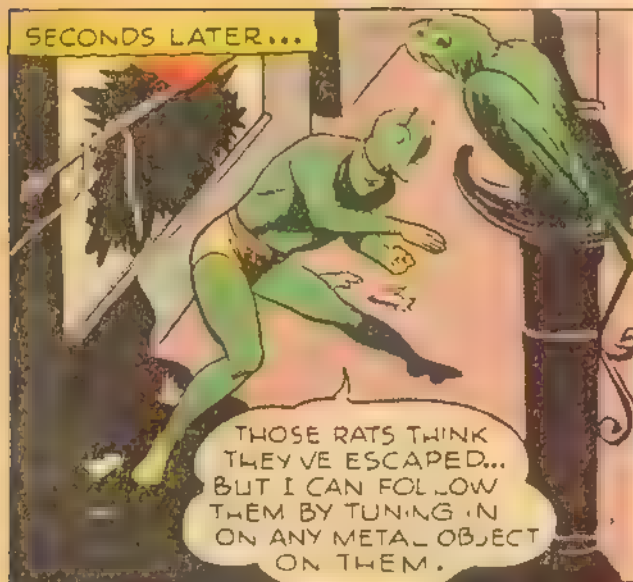
HMM... THOSE SUN SPOTS, OF COURSE...

LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR AIR WAVE... I'LL GET TO WORK TONIGHT!











BUT NEARBY IN THE SAME BUILDING...

NOW OUT THAT SIDE EXIT, FELLAS!

IT'S AN EXIT HE WANTS... BUT HERE'S WHERE WE MAKE AN ENTRANCE, STATIC!

THOSE MUGS DON'T KNOW IT... BUT THE GEM EXHIBIT IS BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE STREET! THE SUN SPOTS CAN'T AFFECT MY SHORT WAVE SET!

BUILD A BETTER MOUSE TRAP... AND SAVE NINE!

FANCY MEETING YOU BOYS HERE!

AIR WAVE! HOW DID HE FIND OUT...?

HAVE A CROWN, STOOP!

YOU LIKE JEWELS... TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!

OOOOH!

WEEOW!

LATER...

THEY DOUBLE-CROSSED THEMSELVES, STATIC... THEY WERE TOO SMART FOR THEIR OWN GOOD!

THOSE SUN SPOTS DOUBLE-CROSSED US!

ROBIN The Boy Wonder

SOLOS THROUGH DYNAMIC, ACTION-PACKED STORIES

Every month in Star-Spangled Comics!

THE END

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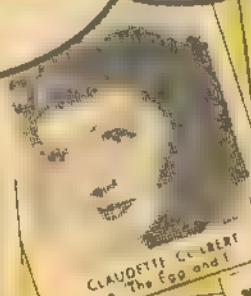
**PSST! GENUINE
PHOTOS OF STARS LIKE
HEDY LAMARR!
GEORGE MCFEE!**



HEDY LAMARR
in "Dishonored Lady"



JACK CARSON
A Warner Bros. Star



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in "The Egg and I"



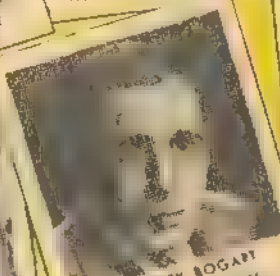
GEORGE MCFEE
Halfback Chicago Bears



PEGGY ANN GARNER
in "Bob Son of Bombs"



WILLIAM ELLIOTT
A Republic Pictures Star



HUMPHREY BOGART
A Warner Bros. Star



ZACHARY SCOTT
A Warner Bros. Star



VIRGINIA MAYO
in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"



CHAR. E. TRIPPI
All American Halfback

**A PHOTO PRIZE
IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S PEP!**

**18 MOVIE STARS!
6 SPORT STARS!**

MOVIE STARS

- DANA ANDREWS**
in "The Bad Guy of the Year"
- FRANK MORGAN**
A Warner Bros. Star
- EMIL PAGE**
A Warner Bros. Star
- HUMPHREY BOGART**
A Warner Bros. Star
- WILLIAM ELLIOTT**
A Republic Pictures Star
- IAN M. AYMAN**
A Warner Bros. Star
- ZACHARY SCOTT**
A Warner Bros. Star

VIRGINIA MAYO

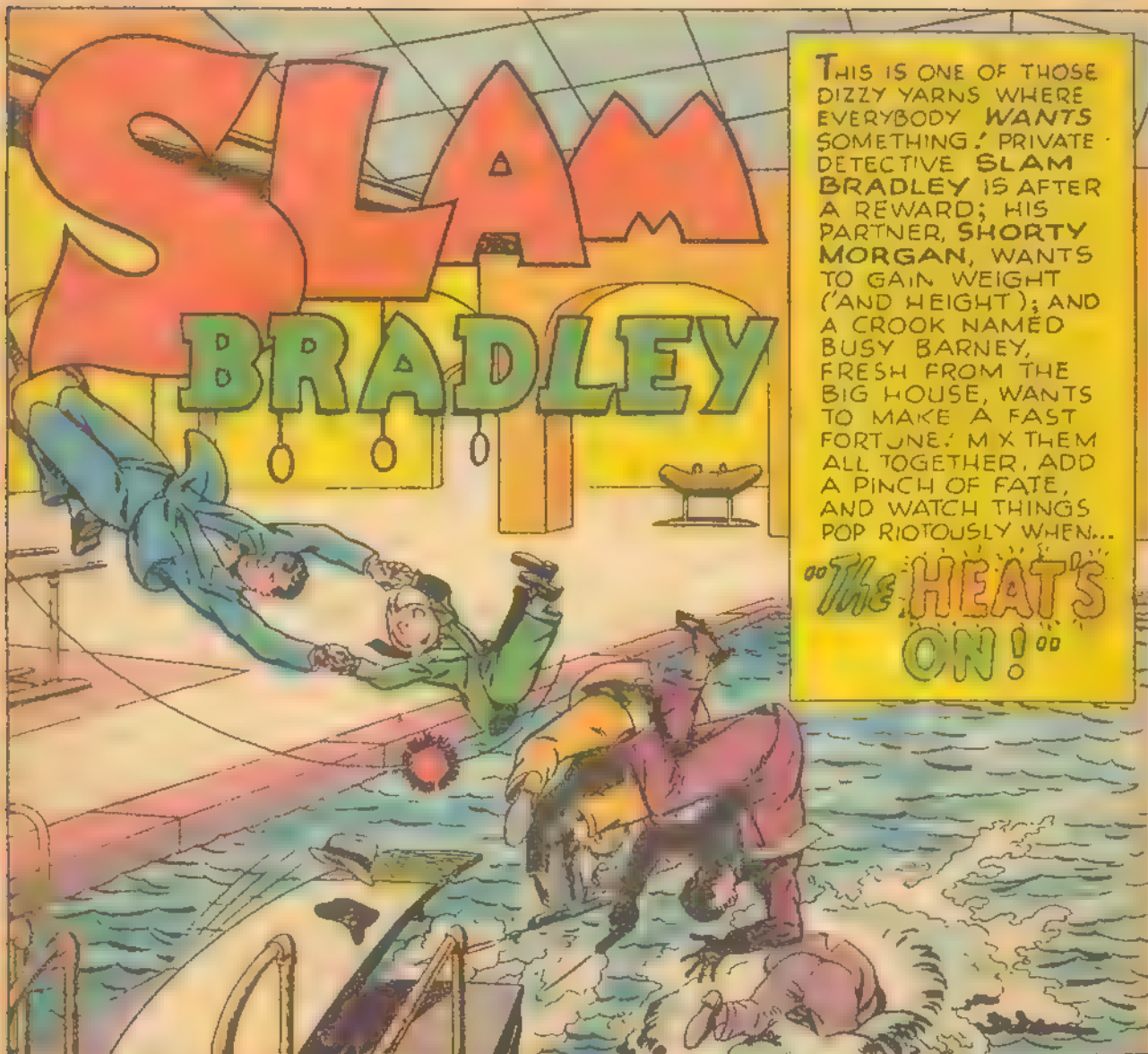
- in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"
- CLAUDETTE COLBERT**
in "The Egg and I"
- PEGGY ANN GARNER**
in "Bob Son of Bombs"
- FRED MAC MURRAY**
in "The Egg and I"
- JOAN BENNETT**
in "The Bachelor Party"
- AND DEANE**
A Republic Pictures Star
- GEORGE SANDERS**
in "The Egg and I"
- JACK CARSON**
A Warner Bros. Star
- ALEX SMITH**
A Warner Bros. Star

HEDY LAMARR

- in "Dishonored Lady"
- BARBARA STANWYCK**
A Warner Bros. Star
- ATHLETIC STARS**
- CHAR. E. TRIPPI**
A American Halfback
- TONY ZALE**
World Middleweight Champion
- DEAL GROVE**
Chicago White Sox Pitcher
- EDITH KIEFER**
Record Making Swimmer
- GEORGE MCFEE**
Halfback Chicago Bears
- MIKE TRESH**
Chicago White Sox Catcher

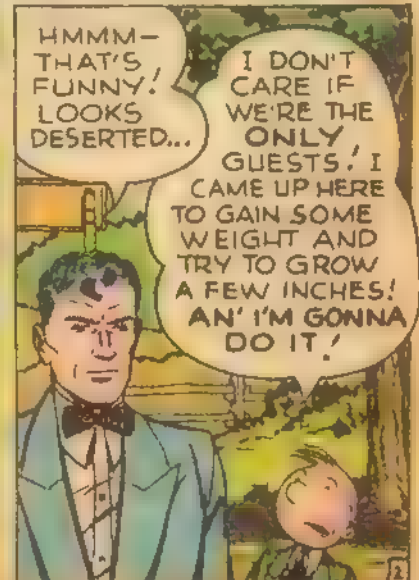
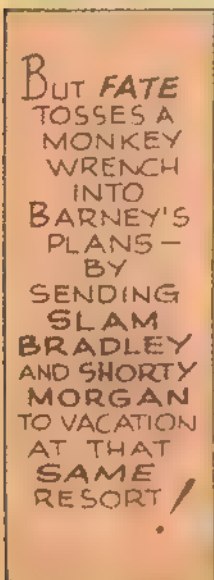
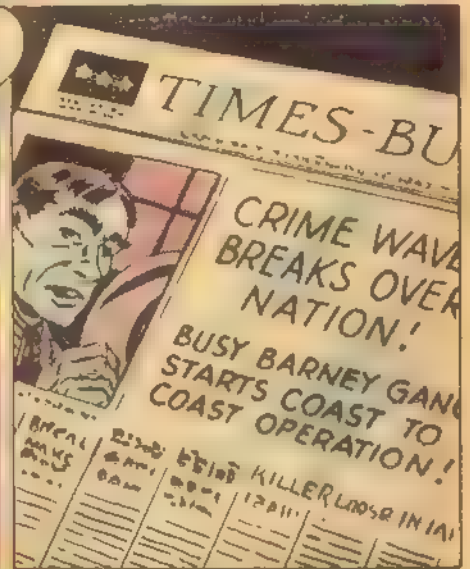
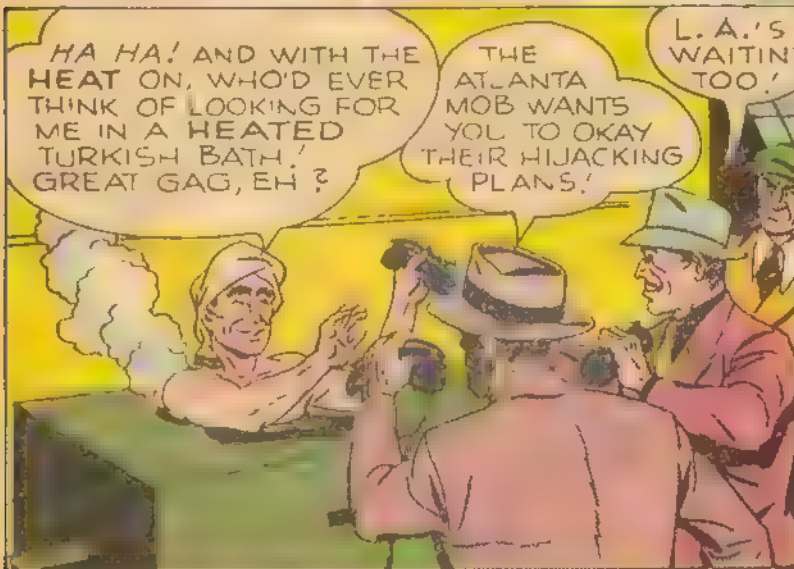
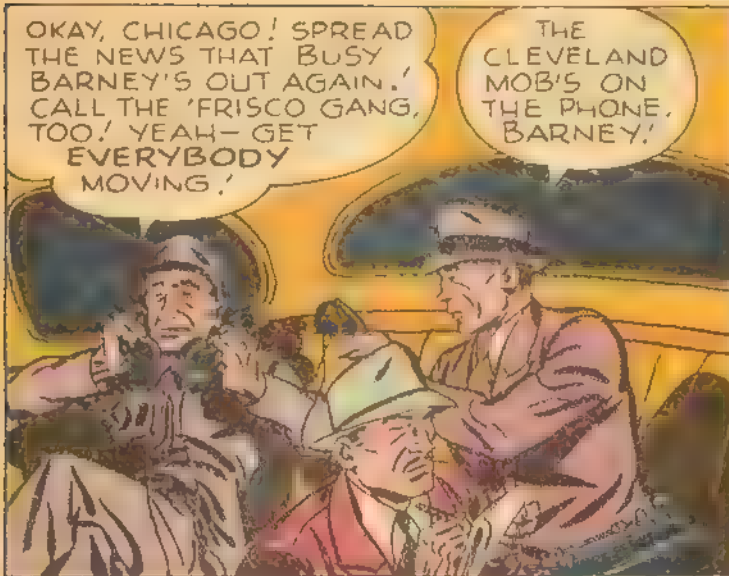
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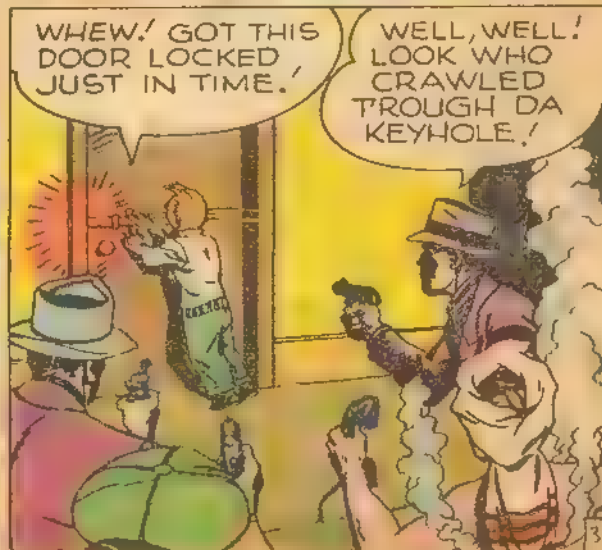
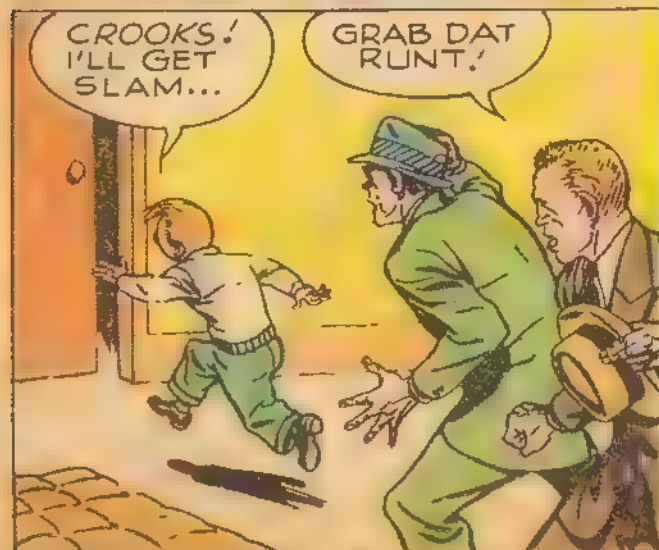
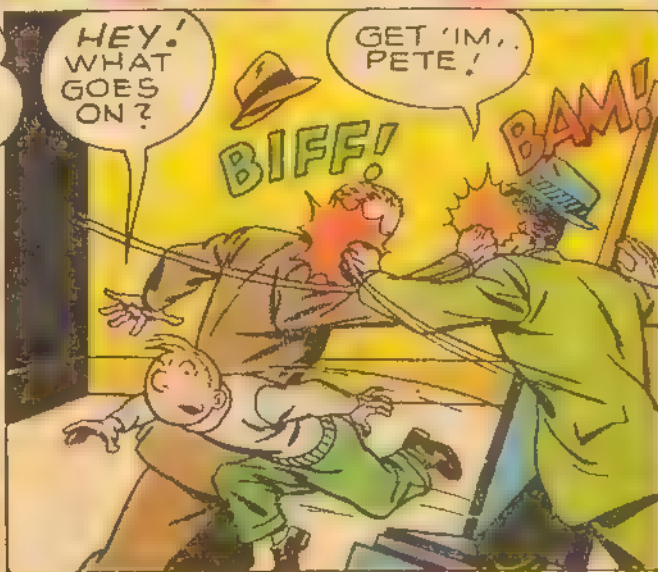
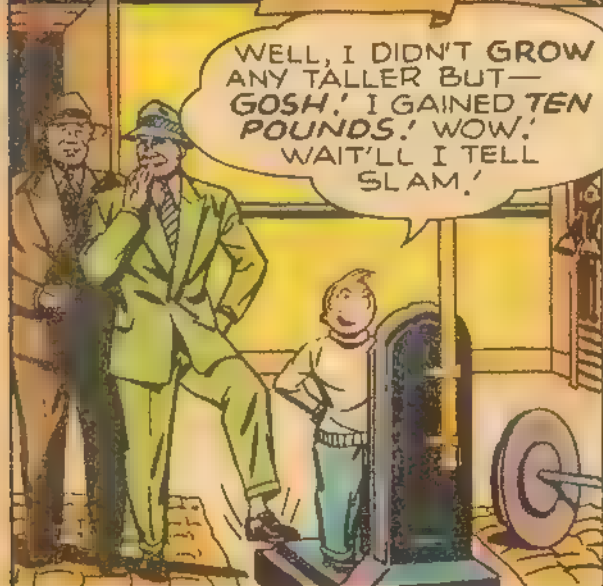
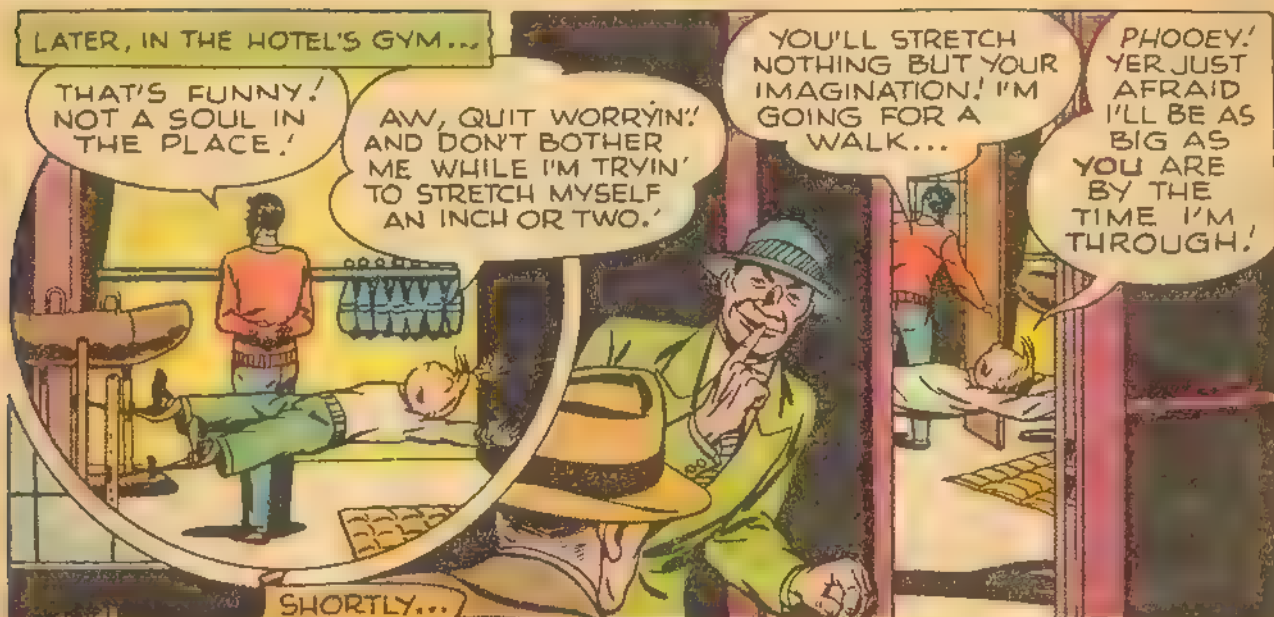


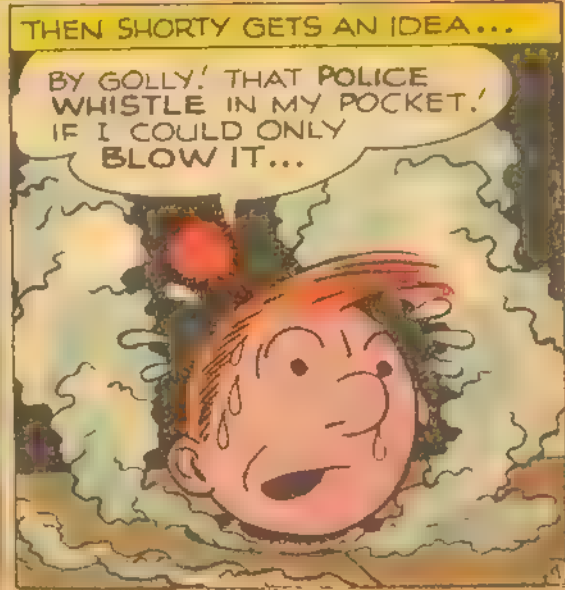
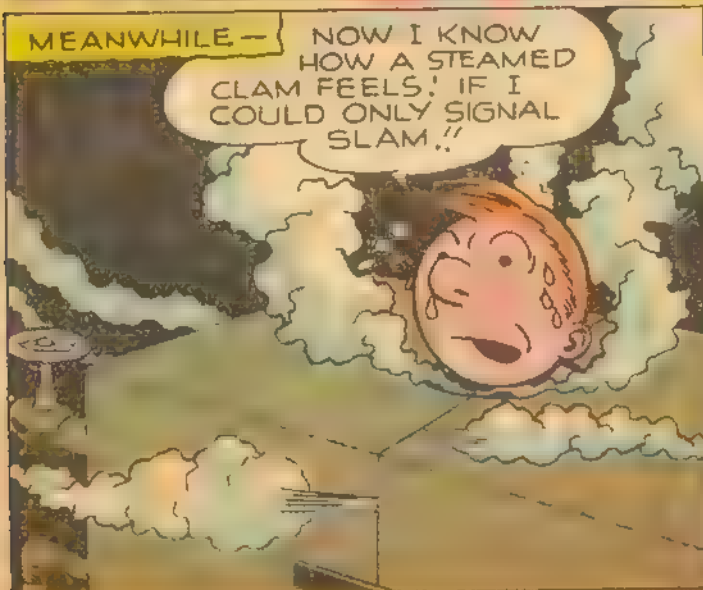
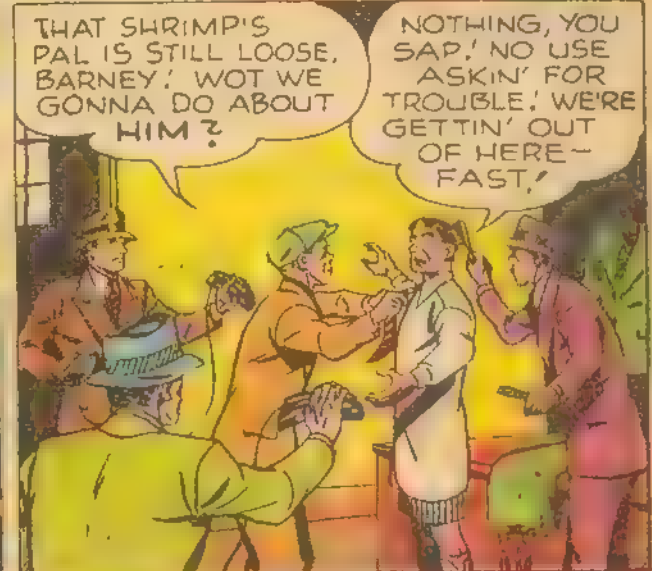
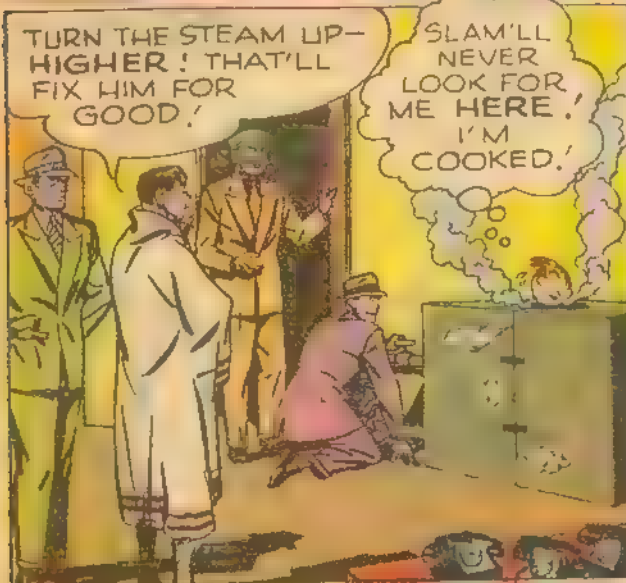
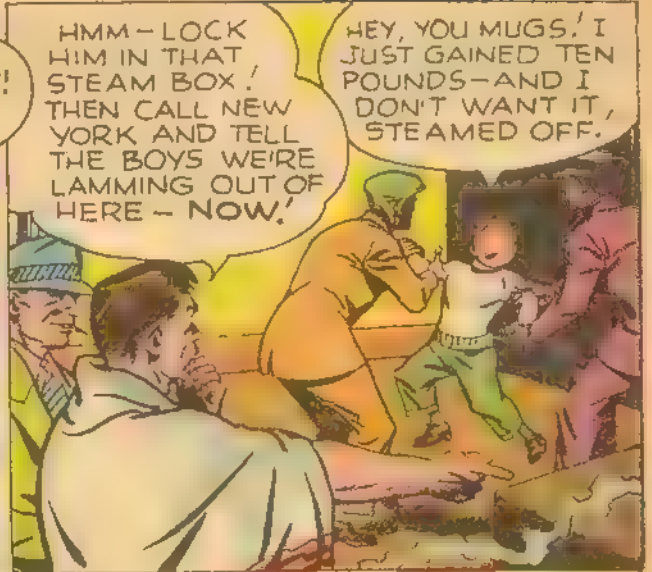


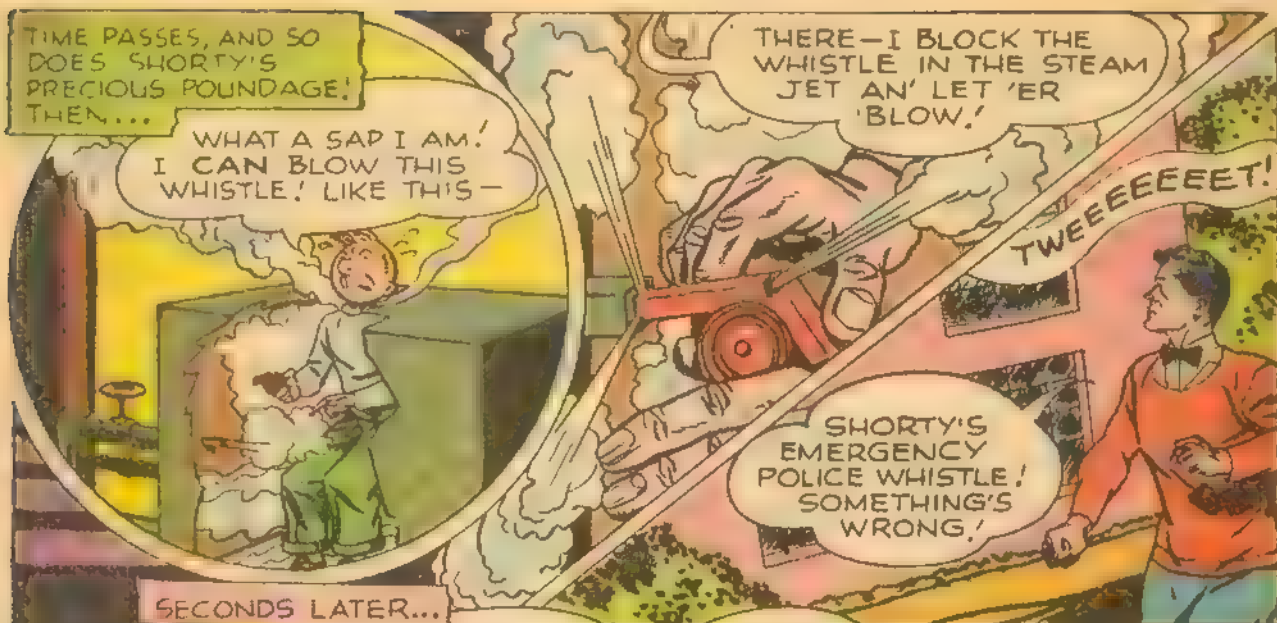
FOG HANGS OVER STATE PRISON. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE WAIL OF SIRENS AND A ROAR OF GUNFIRE...



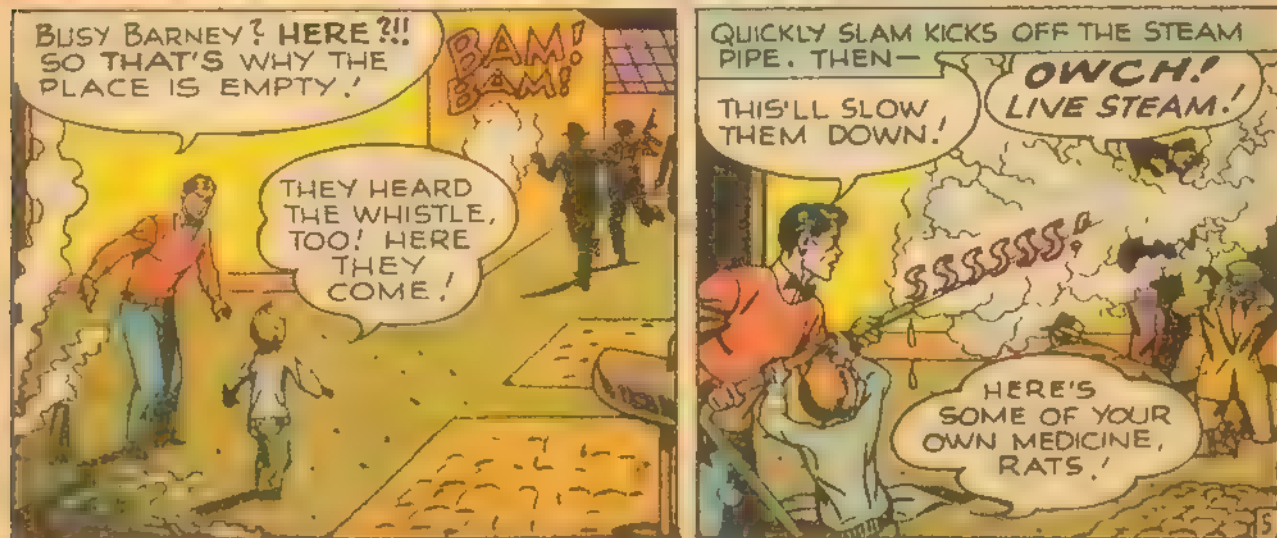
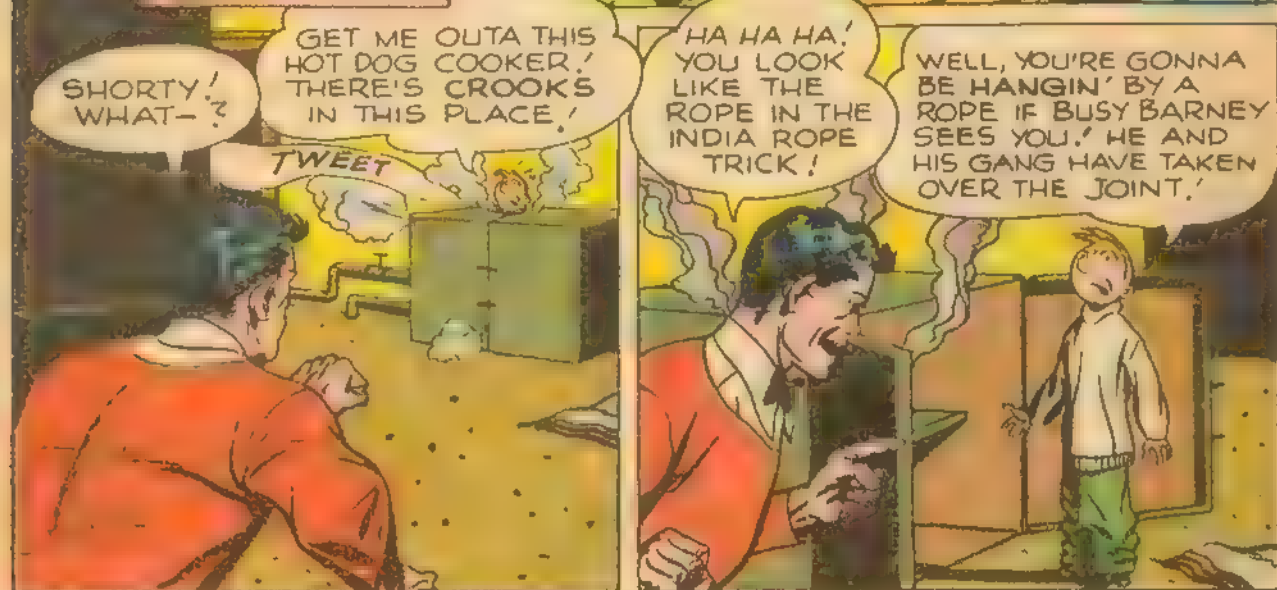


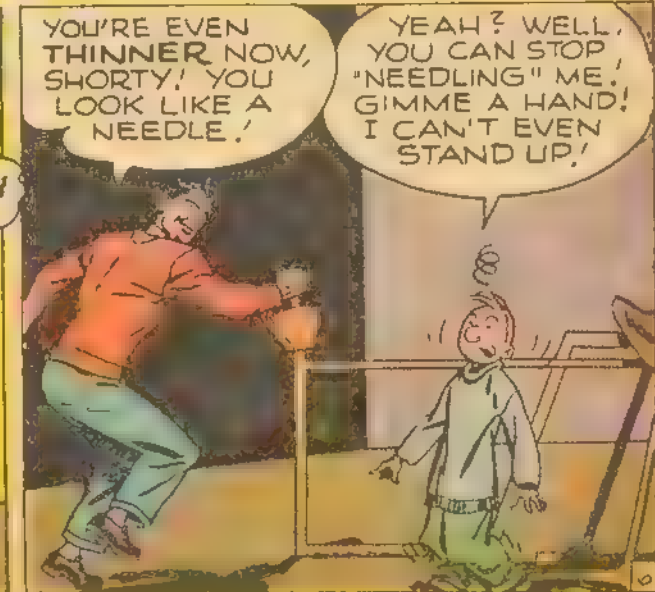
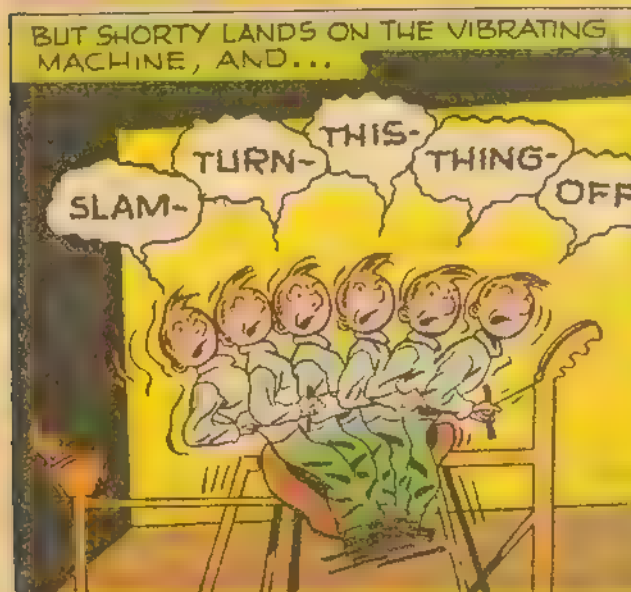
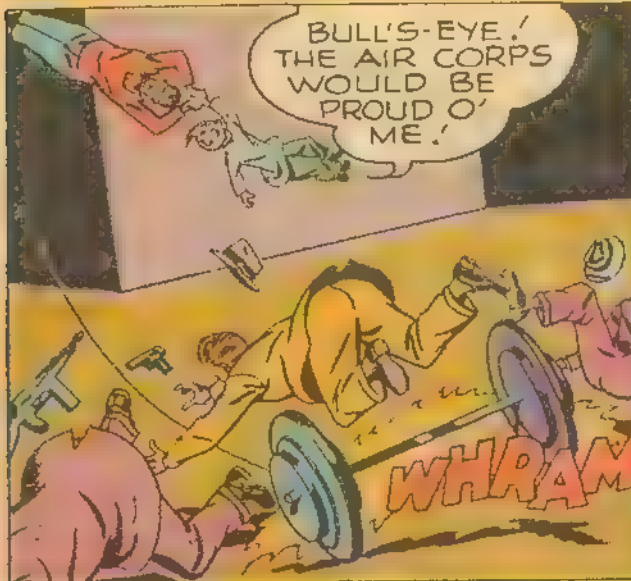
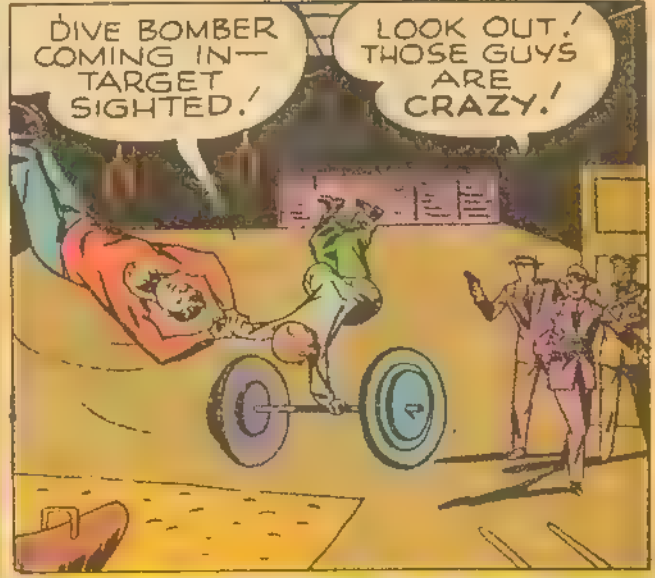
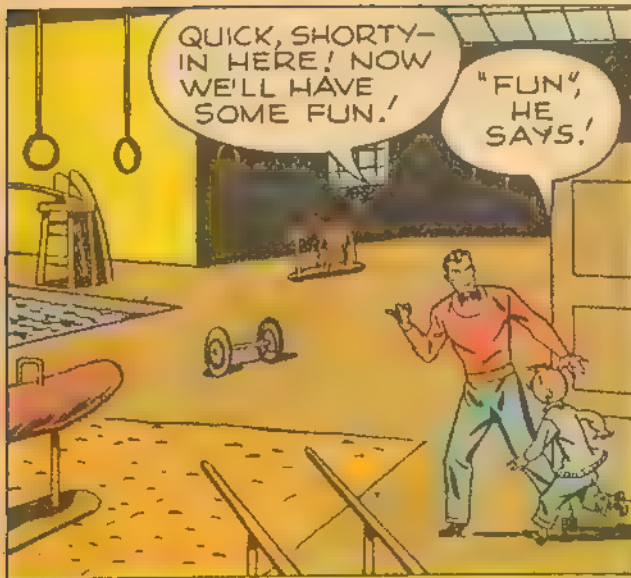


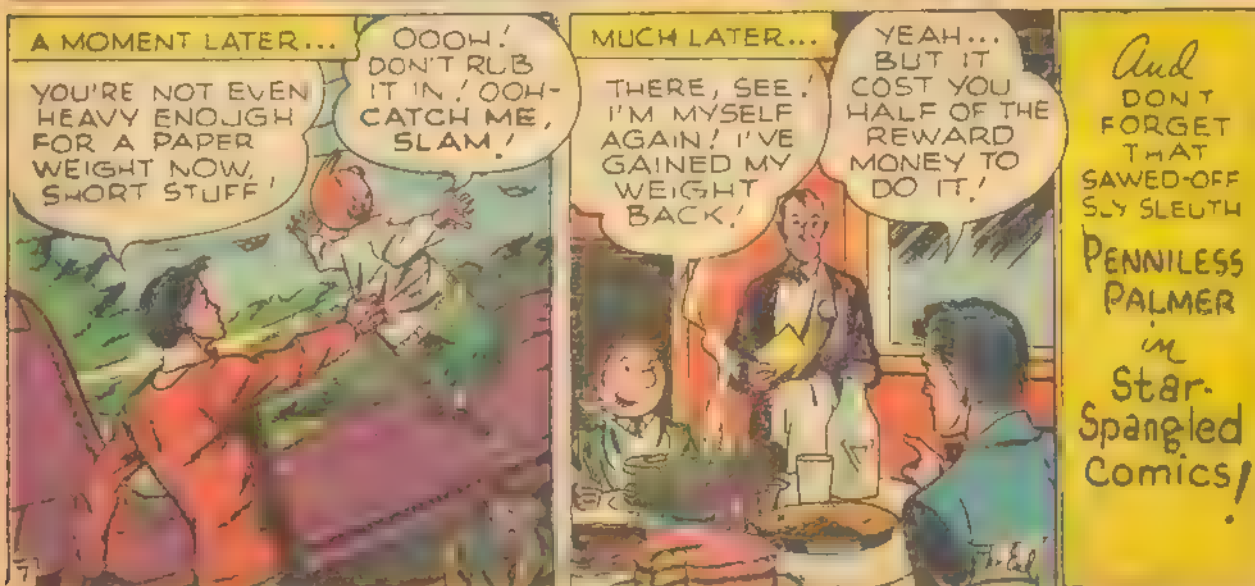




SECONDS LATER...







Captain Tootsie and the SECRET-PLAY TOUCHDOWN

BY G.C. BECK AND PETER CONTANZI



CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COACHES THE SECRET LEGION FOR THEIR BIG GAME OF THE SEASON WITH THE GAS HOUSE BRUISERS.

WELL, MEN, WITH THOSE SECRET PLAYS WE'VE WORKED OUT THE GAS HOUSE GANG WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

I'M NOT SO SURE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! THEY'RE AWFUL BIG GUYS.... AND TRICKY!

DYIS IS GREAT, MONK! WE'RE SWIPIN' ALL THEIR PLAYS!

ROLLO IS RIGHT! FUNNY WORK IS ALREADY AFOOT!

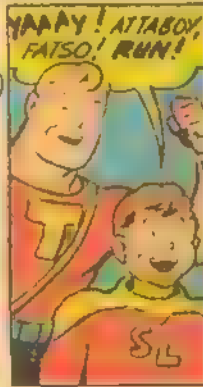
YEH!



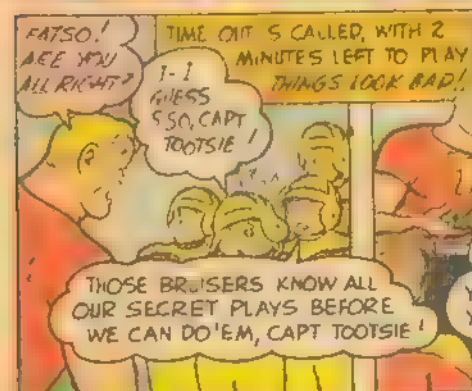
THE BIG GAME IS ON! AND THE BRUISERS ARE SLAUGHTERING THE SECRET LEGION!

H'MMM! 12 TO 7! WE NEED A TOUCHDOWN!

THERE'S THE SIGNAL! IT'S 'FATSO'S BALL..



FATSO IS THROWN FOR A 10-YARD LOSS!



HERE'S ONE SECRET I'LL BET THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT, MEN! THESE TOOTSIE ROLLS WILL GIVE YOU QUICK ENERGY FOR THAT FINAL TOUCHDOWN!

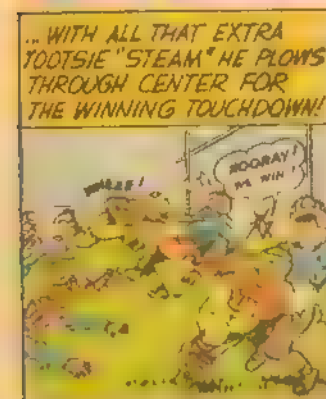
YUM! YUM!

OH, BOY!

SIGNALS ARE CALLED...



THE BALL IS SNAPPED! ROLLO FADES BACK FOR A LONG PASS! BUT INSTEAD...



HERE, FELLOWS, YOU DESERVE AN EXTRA ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS AFTER THAT GAME!

WE NEVER SHOULDA CHEATED, MONK!

THEY SURE GAVE US THE ENERGY WE NEEDED!

Tootsie Rolls are chocolaty rich 'n' chewy! And they give you quick energy to help make you the hero of your team.



BUY THE BIG JUMBO SIZE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

THE CASE
OF THE
KIDNAPPED
HEIRESS

IT'S ONE A.M. AS SAM AND EFFIE DRIVE PAST THE HOUSE OF WEALTHY BANKER
H. SCOTT HAM

LOOK!
THE HEIRESS
GETTING
OUT OF THE HOUSE

THE HEIRESS
GETTING
OUT OF THE HOUSE

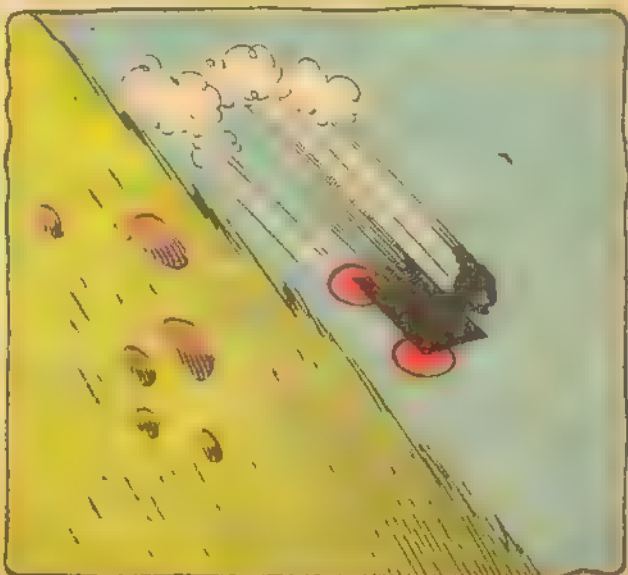
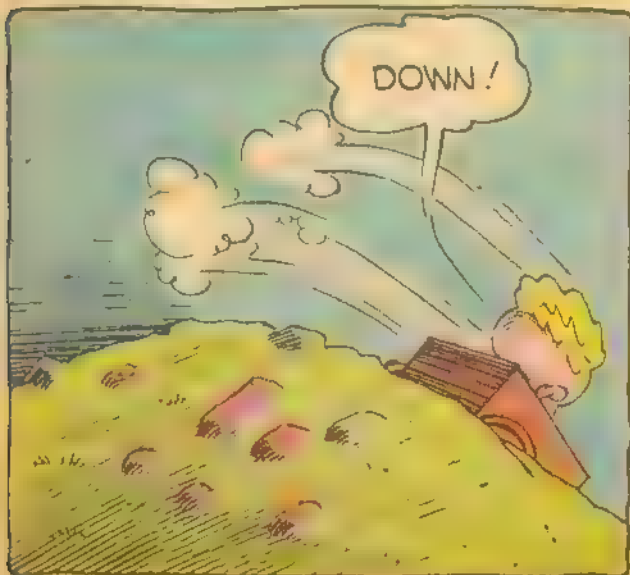
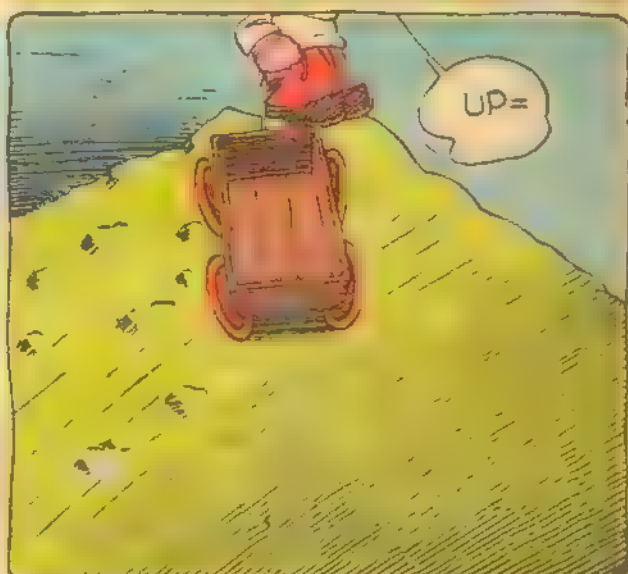
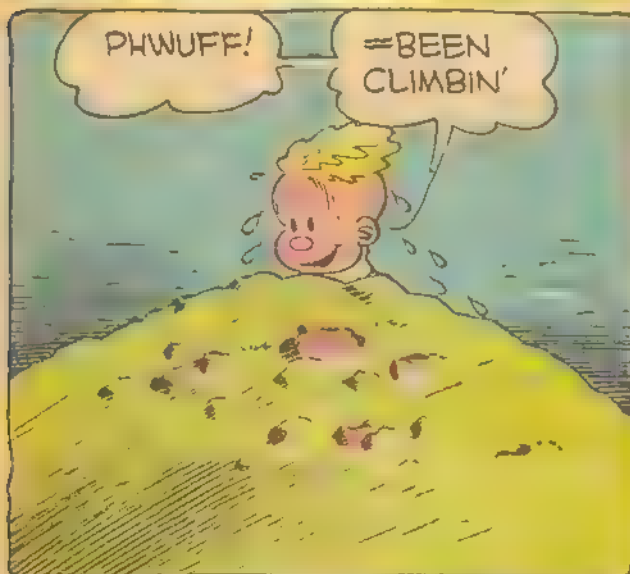
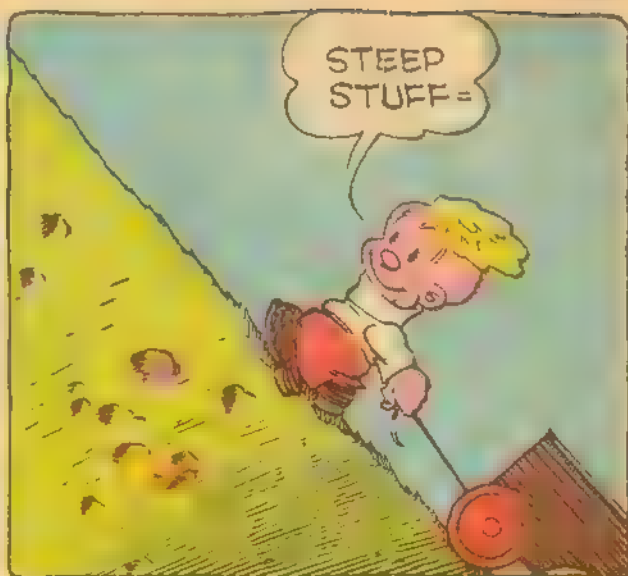
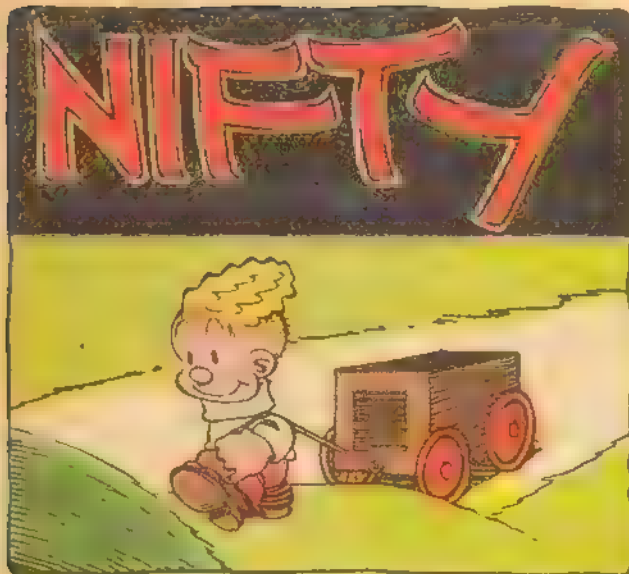
The Adventures of DASHIELL HAMMETT'S SAM SPADE

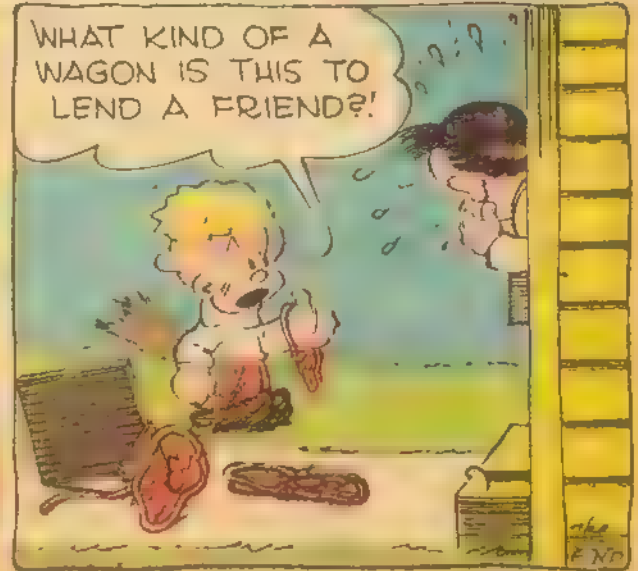
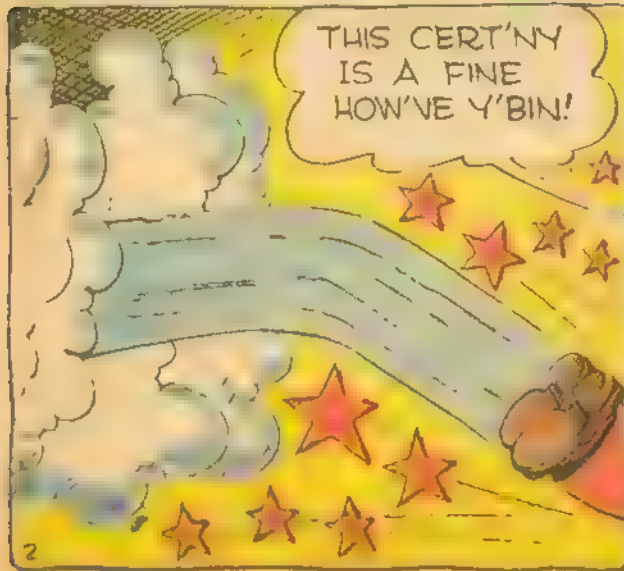
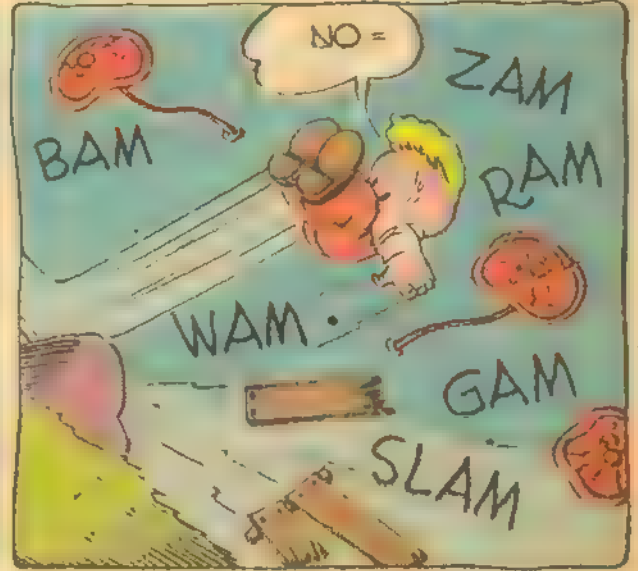
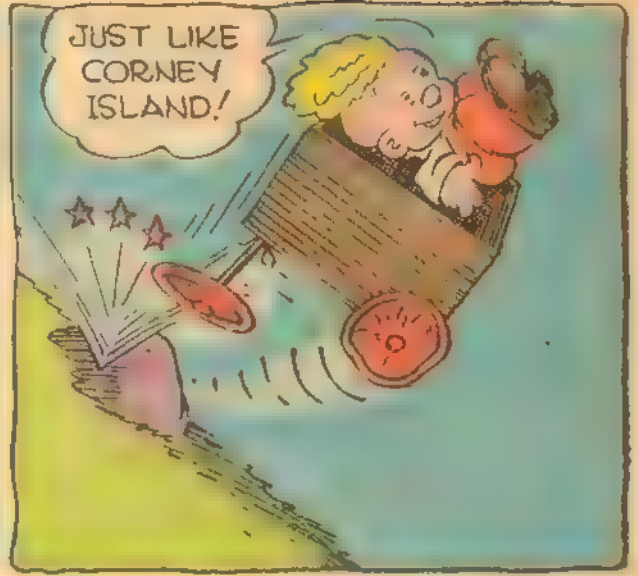
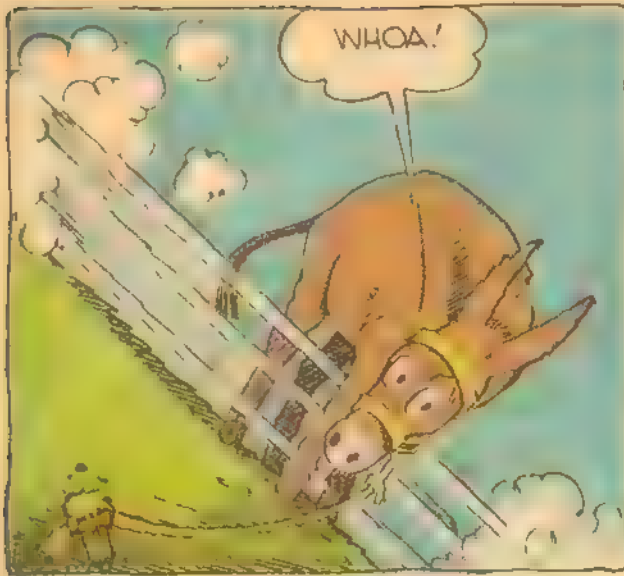
LISTEN TO The Adventures of Sam Spade
every Saturday on 10:00 P.M. on the
radio on See and Hear



SAM SPADE SUGGESTS YOU TRY WILDROOT CREAM OIL. IT
MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SWEET. MAKES IT FEEL GOOD.
YOU GET IT AT ANY DRUG OR GROCERIES COUNTER.







LONG CHANCE

BY KIT MARTIN

L EAMY EDWARDS, the town sheriff, was passing the time of day on the porch of the Palace Hotel when the bank siren went off. He had just finished telling an admiring group of salesmen, newly arrived in town for the opening of Jacob's Dry Goods Emporium, about the tornado that had hit Wilton the day before.

Now, hearing the bank's alarm, Leamy scurried to the street, his sixty-five years trying desperately to keep up with his flying feet.

"For an old boy," laughed one of the salesmen, "Leamy sure is spry."

"He's right on the job, that's a cinch," another said. "Bet he wasn't in the way of that twister."

"Did some damage, according to Leamy," a third man put in. "Like to tore a lot of houses apart. Wonder what he was going to tell us when the alarm went off?"

The first salesman shrugged. "I wouldn't get excited about that bank siren. Usually, someone hits it by accident or they're just testing."

He was wrong. It was neither accident nor test. In the bank, old Leamy listened as an excited, white-faced teller explained what had happened. "This fellow who was lame came up to the window and—"

"Just a minute," Leamy interrupted. "If you were doing your work, how'd you know he was lame, Kent?"

Kent Blayd flushed. "I was doing my work, but I happened to look up as the man approached my cage. That's how I knew." He rubbed his hand across reddened eyes. "But I didn't know he was going to pull a gun and one of those new-fangled fountain pen tear gas things on me. It was while I was giving him the money that he released the gas."

"Ever see him before?"

"No."

"I did." Big, burly Jeff Castor, the special policeman broke in. The holdup had taken place while he was off to lunch, but he'd returned in time to see the bandit escaping.

"Least, I think it was him, Leamy. I saw that lame feller twice the past week. Here in the bank, making out a deposit slip." Jeff scratched his head. "Come to think of it, by jinks, I never did see him take one to a window! Say, Leamy, you don't think—"

"He was casing the joint, as they say in gangster movies," Leamy said.

Mr. Fitz, the bank president, mopped his brow agitatedly. "What can we do, Sheriff? I've already notified the State Troopers. I guess they'll try to block him."

"It seems to me that a man smart enough to case a bank and pull off a job single-handed would be smart enough to figure a safe getaway."

Leamy looked at Jeff, then out the window. It still lacked an hour to nightfall, but already it was pitch black outside. There was a storm brewing, and when it came, Leamy knew, it would be violent.

"That boy of yours still at the airport, Jeff?" he asked suddenly.

"Think so," the guard said. "He was giving some lessons. He's doing right well since he came back from the Air Force and opened that flying school and charter service. Why, Leamy?"

"Oh, nothin'," Leamy said. He looked at Mr. Fitz. "Well, I got to go out and try to catch that feller, Mr. Fitz." His eye cocked roguishly. "No reward, I suppose?"

Fitz' face reddened with anger. "I'll say there is! I'll give \$5,000 myself to anyone who catches that fellow before he leaves the State. And I think the insurance company will be glad to match it." He shook a fist over his head. "I'll show him he can't rob my bank!"

"Thanks." Leamy went out.

At the airport, young Jeff listened carefully while Leamy, sitting in the tiny office, told what he proposed to do.

"Sure," he said, when the sheriff finished. "I'll help you. Glad to."

They were up in the air in a few moments, and, relaxed at the controls, young Jeff point-

ed downward. "Troopers have the road blocked there," he said, indicating a line of cars. "What now, Sheriff?"

"Try the back roads," Leamy said. "'Pears to me he'd have thought of them. And don't forget to keep those lights off and on. You got a radio?"

"Sure. I can tune it in to the Troopers' wave length, if we need it," young Jeff said. He was enjoying himself as he always did with Leamy.

The plane cruised through the dark, wind-whipped sky and, although he felt a bit nervous, Leamy said nothing. Whenever young Jeff put on the searchlights to illuminate the ground below, Leamy strained his eyes to see.

It was while the lights were off that the driver of the black sedan heard the plane. Gimp Chaloner grunted. Then, as his quick mind divined what might be happening, he tooled the car off into a side road. "It's impossible," he told himself. "They wouldn't have sense enough to have a plane out searching!"

Yet, the next moment, the bank robber knew his fears were realized. The plane passed him. Then its lights switched on and swept the ground ahead.

Gimp wasted no time. Quickly, he reached down to the floor and picked up the black bag to which he had transferred the money. His retentive mind remembered a house he had passed about a quarter mile back. The place had been dark and, since it was some-

what off the beaten path, it offered temporary refuge. A flash of lightning, cutting the sky suddenly, spurred him to action.

He raced along the road, retracing his route. In the distance, behind him, he could see the plane's searchlight go on again. He smiled.

As he had expected, there was no one in the house. It was a one-story affair, California style. His flashlight picked out the front porch, and he sat down under its shelter. He heard the plane again during a lull in the wind. "This'll do until the storm's over," he told himself. "That plane'll have to go in during this rainstorm, and I'll be safe here."

He yawned, throwing back his head in the process. It was then that two blinding lights hit him full in the face. He shielded his eyes, completely taken by surprise. From out of nowhere the plane's searchlights had come, bringing daylight to the porch. . . .

A few minutes later the Troopers stopped his headlong flight.

Back on the Palace Hotel porch, the storm and the chase over, Leamy was explaining to the astonished salesman, "As I was sayin' before I was interrupted, I knew there warn't nobody livin' in that model home the town's showin' for veterans. I knew it was vacant, so when I saw a man settin' on the porch, I figured it had to be that bank robber feller." Leamy chuckled. "Well, I got to go see Mr. Fitz, now," he said, "and adjust a little money matter with him. Young Jeff's going to be mighty happy about those new planes he'll get!"



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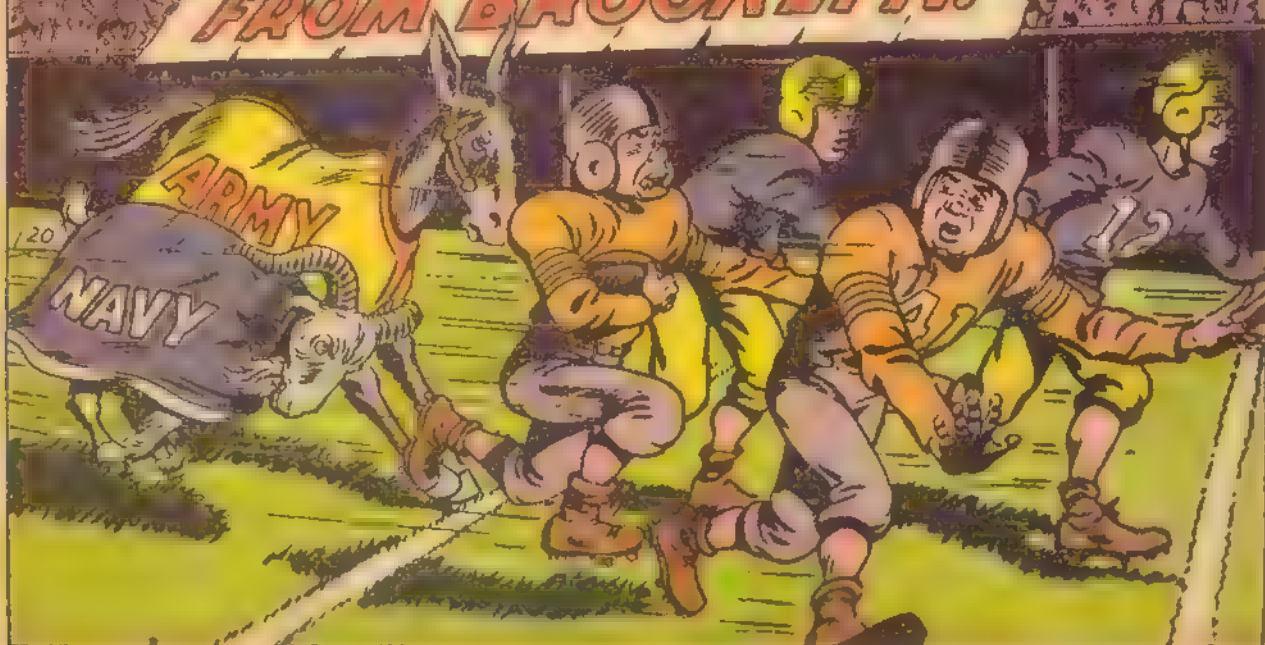
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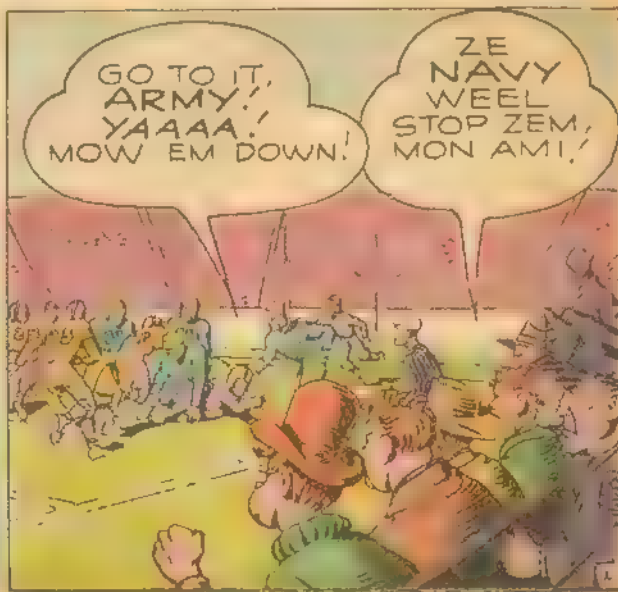
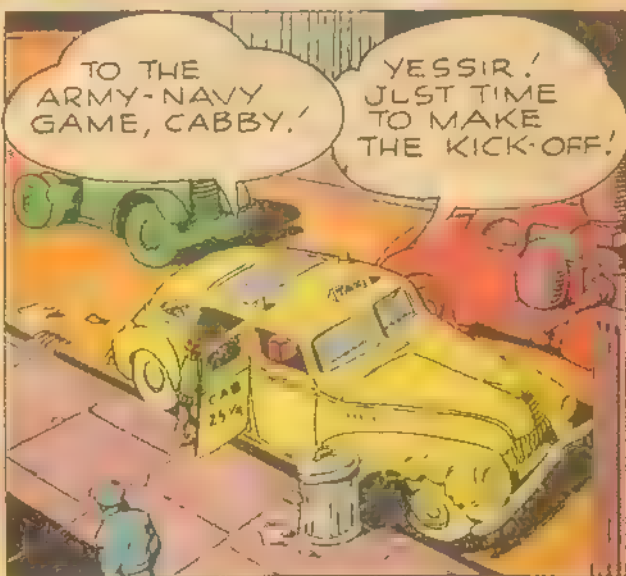
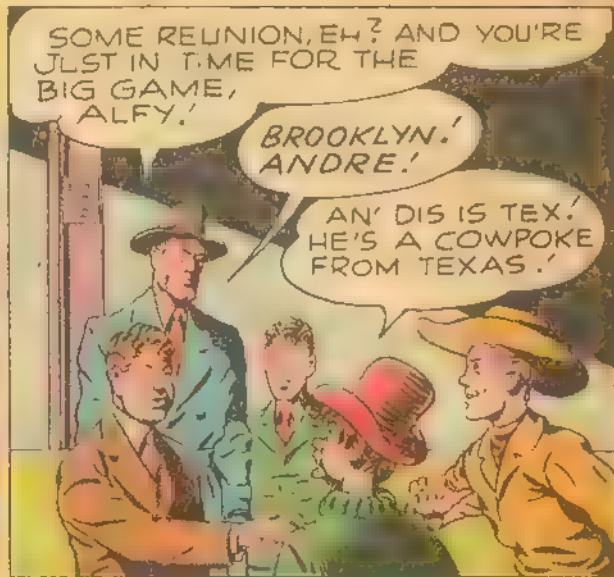
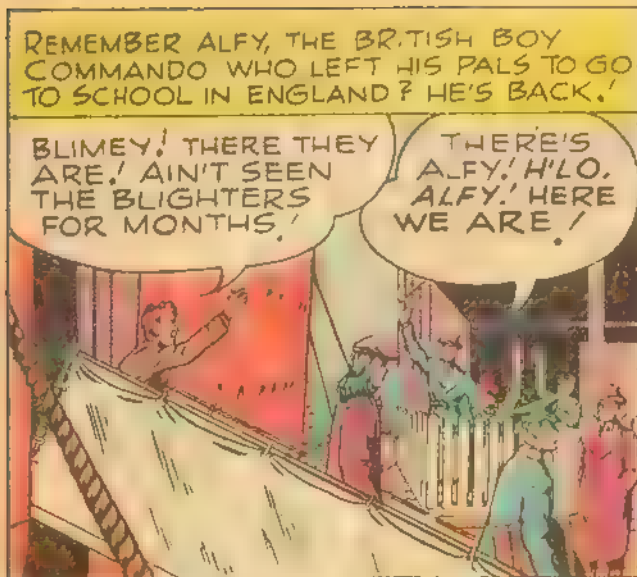
The BOY COMMANDOS

THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME!
TOP SPORTS EVENT OF THE YEAR!
AND THE WHOLE NATION WATCHES WHEN
WEST POINT TANGLES WITH ANNAPOLIS
ON THE GRIDIRON — SOLDIER PITTED
AGAINST SAILOR IN THE ACID TEST OF
TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP!

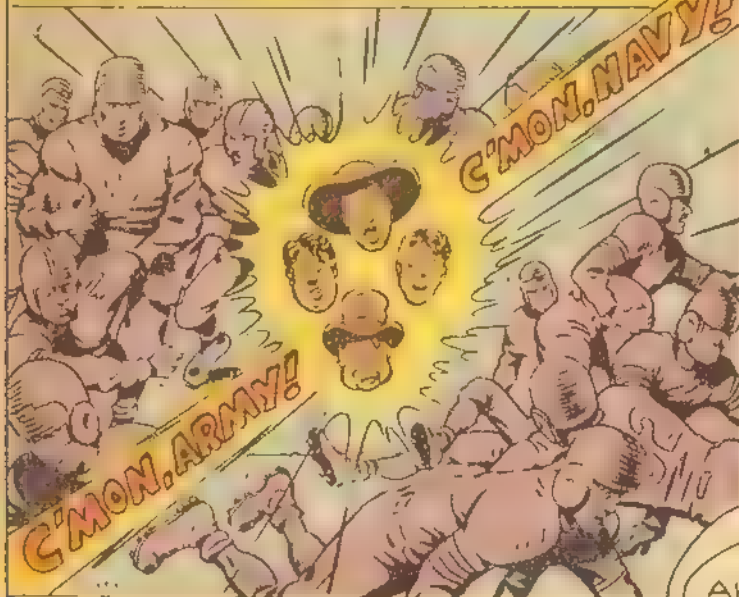
AND WHAT HAS THIS ANNUAL CLASSIC TO
DO WITH THE BOY COMMANDOS? PLENTY!
FOR AN ODD QUIRK OF FATE PUTS THE
COMRADES OF COMBAT INTO THE ARENA OF
SPORTS WITH THE COUNTRY'S MILITARY
MARVELS — AND THE PIGSKIN TAKES A FEAR-
FUL BEATING FROM...

"THE QUARTERBACK FROM BROOKLYN!"

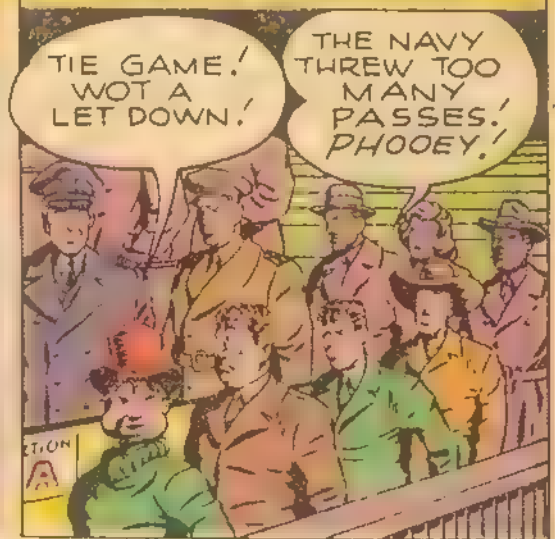




THE TWO TEAMS FIGHT DOGGEDLY UP TO THE GAME'S FINAL MINUTES...



AND AS THE GAME ENDS...



TIE GAME!
WOT A
LET DOWN!

THE NAVY
THREW TOO
MANY
PASSES!
PHOOEY!

WHO SAID THE GAME WAS OVER?

YEAH? WELL, I SAY DA ARMY'D
'A WON 'F DEY USED DIS KICK
FORMATION! I WISH'T I WLZ AT
WEST PERNT! I'D
SHOW 'EM HOW!

AN' I SAY
NAVY COULDA
WON WITH
END
PLAYS!

AH! SO YOU BOYS
ARE IN
DISAGREEMENT
ABOUT THE
GAME!

HMM - TWO
OF YOU ARE
FOR NAVY,
TWO FOR
ARMY...

HERE, GENERAL!
WATCH HOW I'D
PLAY DAT ARMY
QUARTERBACK
POSITION!
32-48-27
HIP! PASS
DA BALL,
ALFY!

AND THIS
IS HOW
I'D STOP
'EM FOR
NAVY!

YES, THE BOYS SHOW THE HIGH BRASS
HOW THEY WOULD HAVE PLAYED THE
GAME! AND LATER IN WASHINGTON...

YOUR REQUEST
IS MOST
UNUSUAL,
GENTLEMEN.

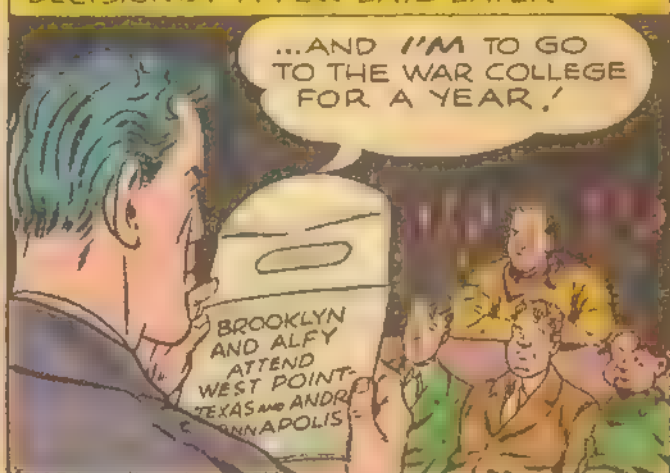
I KNOW,
MR. PRESIDENT,
BLT -

I KNOW THE BOY COMMANDOS' WAR RECORDS ARE SPLENDID.' SO I'LL CONSIDER YOUR PROPOSAL, AND GIVE YOU MY DECISION TOMORROW!



THANK YOU, SIR!

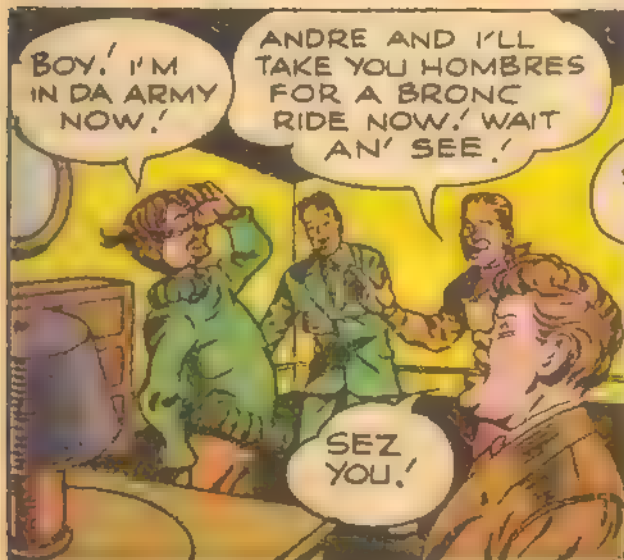
FROM TINY ACORNS GROW MIGHTY OAKS—AND FROM SMALL INCIDENTS COME GREAT DECISIONS! A FEW DAYS LATER...



...AND I'M TO GO TO THE WAR COLLEGE FOR A YEAR!

BOY! I'M IN DA ARMY NOW!

ANDRE AND I'LL TAKE YOU HOMBRES FOR A BRONC RIDE NOW! WAIT AN' SEE!

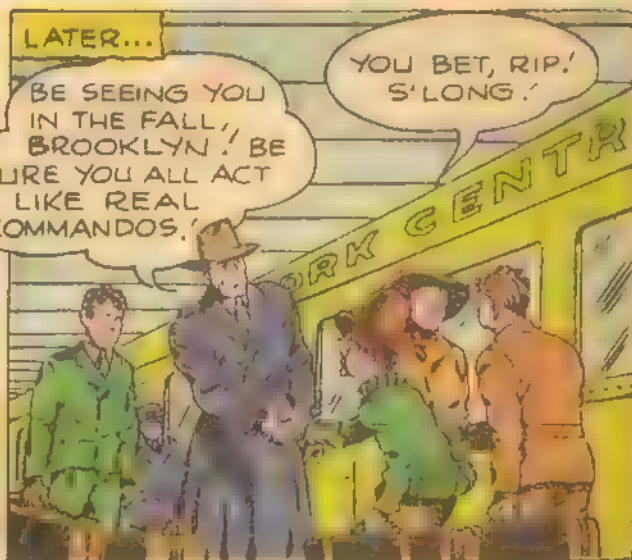


SEZ YOU!

LATER...

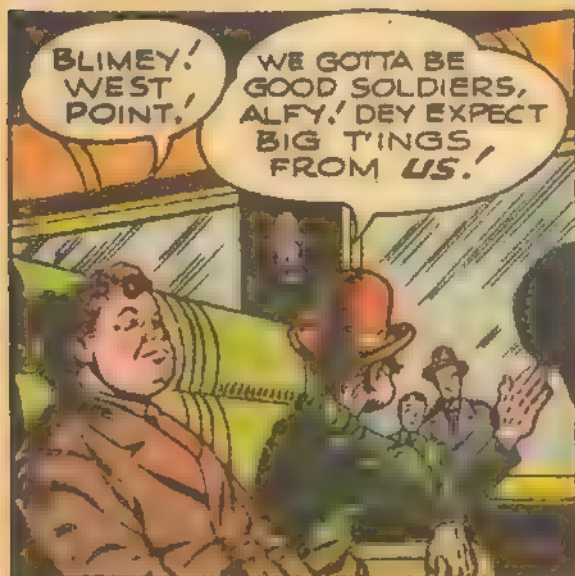
BE SEEING YOU IN THE FALL, BROOKLYN! BE SURE YOU ALL ACT LIKE REAL COMMANDOS!

YOU BET, RIP! S'LONG!



BLIMEY! WEST POINT!

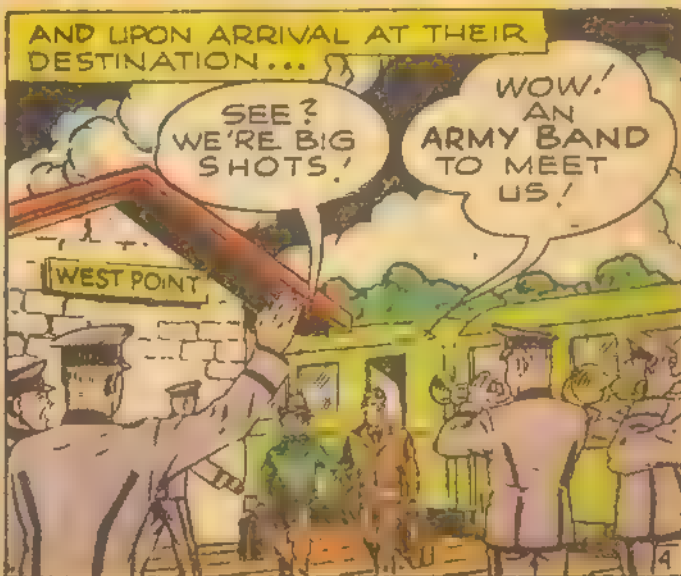
WE GOTTA BE GOOD SOLDIERS, ALFY! DEY EXPECT BIG T'INGS FROM *US*!

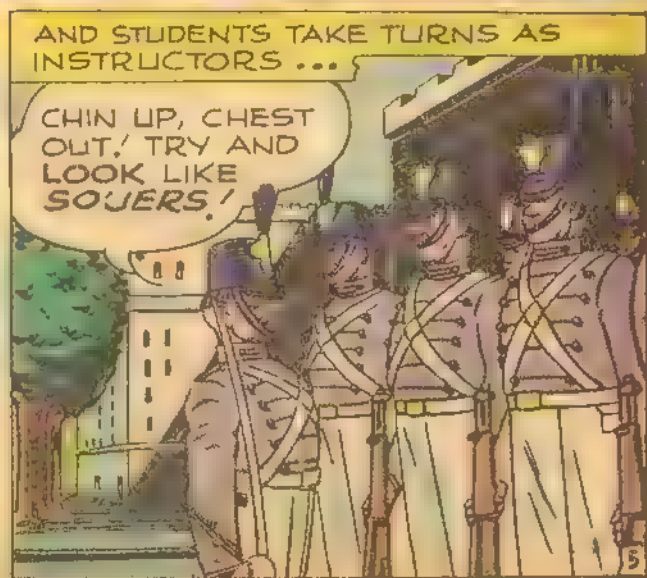
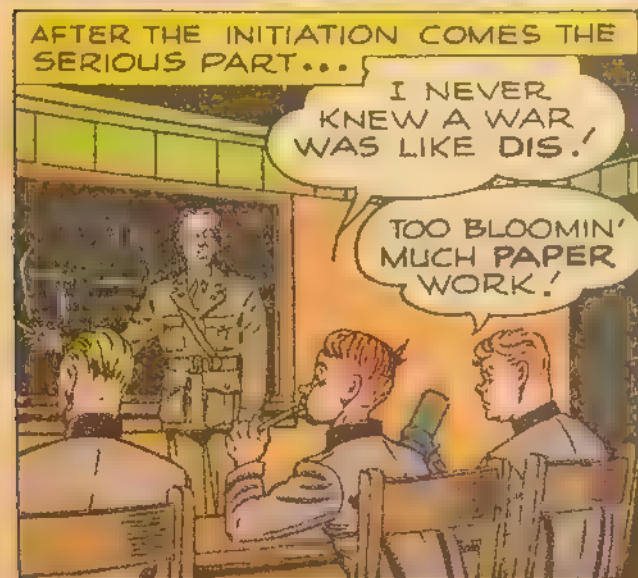
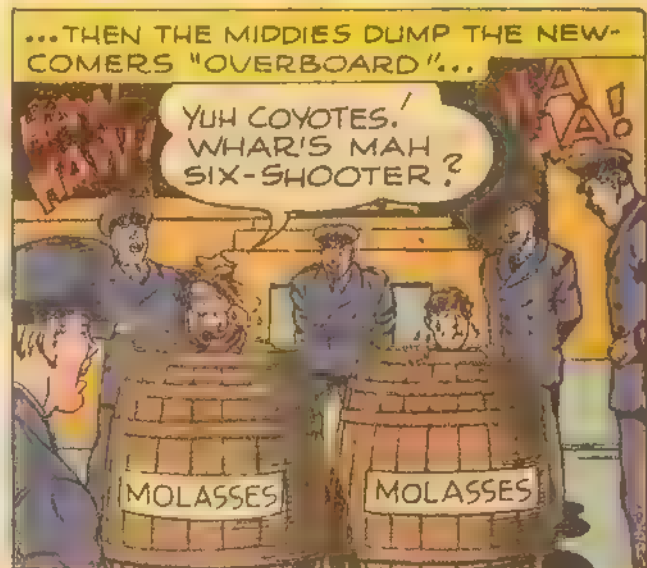
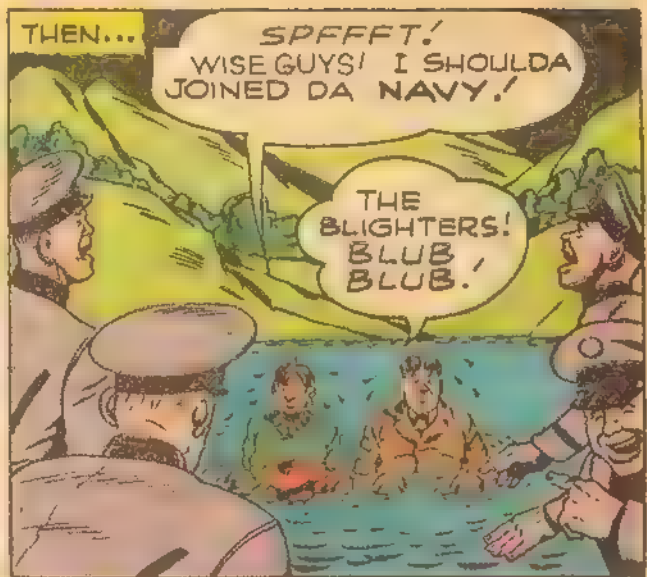


AND UPON ARRIVAL AT THEIR DESTINATION...

SEE? WE'RE BIG SHOTS!

WOW! AN ARMY BAND TO MEET US!





BUT THERE ARE OTHER CHORES, TOO...

I'M GLAD ANDRE AN' TEX CAN'T SEE US! 'MAGINE US BEIN' VALETS TO DA ARMY MULE!

AND WE 'AVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE BALLY FOOTBALL FIELD!



... BUT AT ANNAPOLIS ...

I'M SHO GLAD BROOKLYN AN' ALFY CAN'T SEE US PLAYIN' NURSEMAIDS TO THE NAVY GOAT!

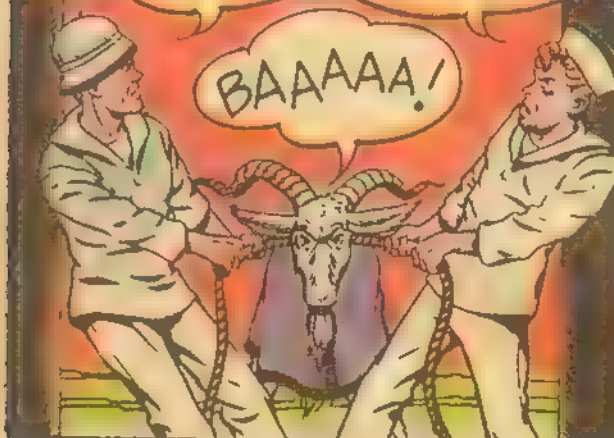
WONDER IF THEY'RE ANY CLOSER TO ZEE FOOTBALL TEAM ZAN WE?



C'MON, YUH LITTLE COYOTE! GIT MOVIN'!

HE'S ZEE STUBBORN ONE, NON?

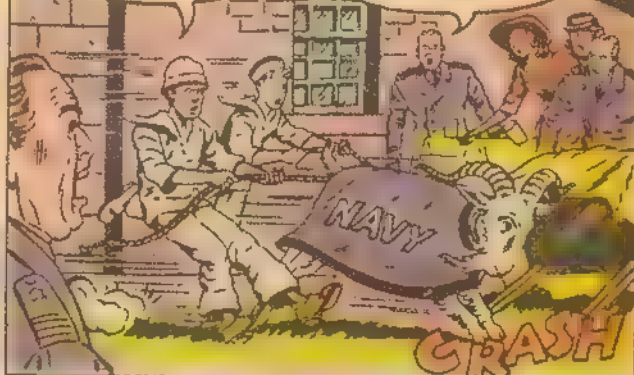
BAAAAA!



SUDDENLY, THE GOAT MUTINIES! AND...

HOL' STILL, YUH VARMINT!

WHAT'S THIS? PUT THOSE TWO MEN IN THE BRIG!



GET THEM! HANG THEM FROM THE YARDARM— THE GOAL POST— ANYTHING! GRRRRR—

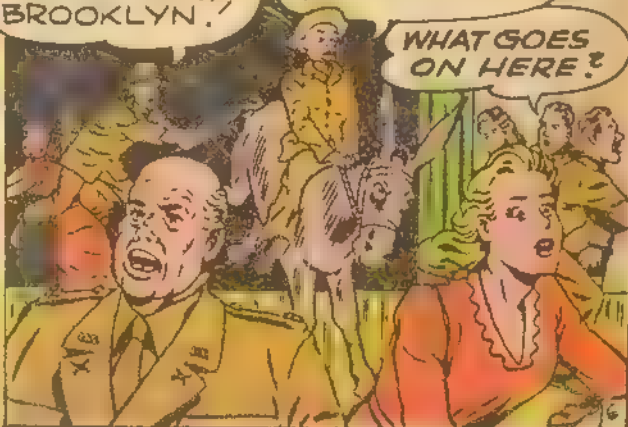


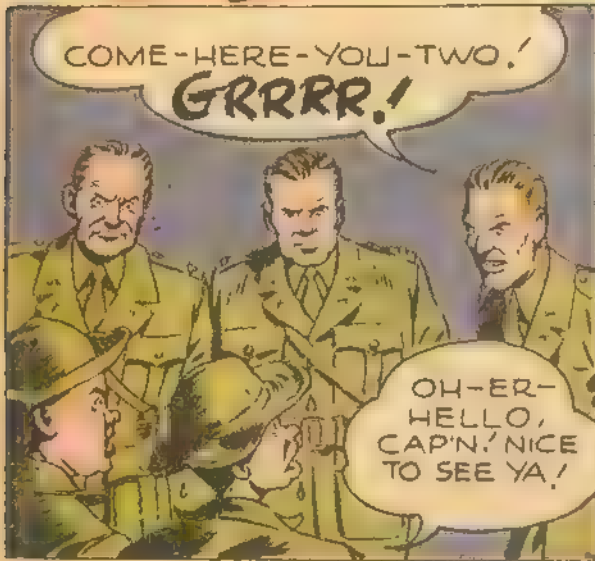
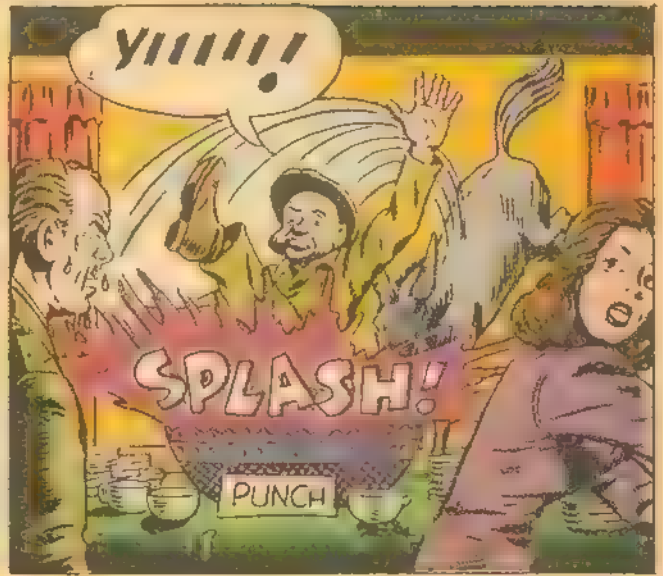
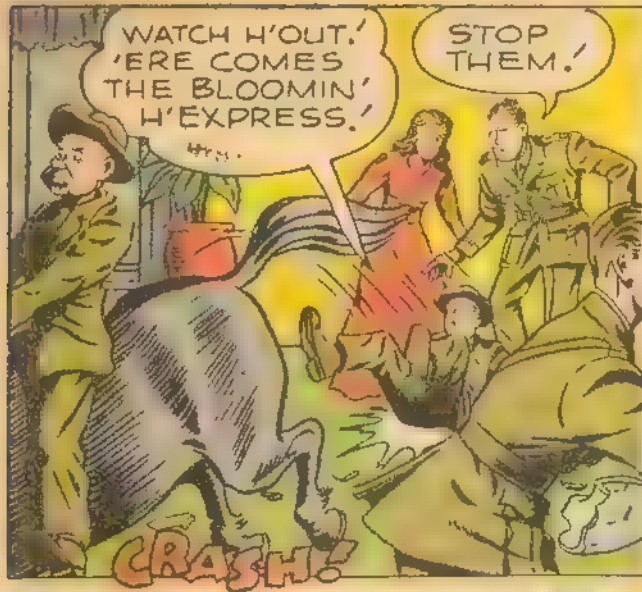
MEANWHILE, BROOKLYN AND ALFY ARE NOT FARING MUCH BETTER!

STOP THE BLIGHTER, BROOKLYN!

WHERE'S DA BRAKES ON DIS NAG?

WHAT GOES ON HERE?







LATER...

WE CAP'CHOORED DIS SIDE O' DA RIVER! NOW DEY'RE PUTTIN' UP A BAILEY BRIDGE TO GET DA TANKS ACROST.

H'I SAY, THERE'S A RUMOR ABOUT THAT NAVY CADETS WILL JOIN US FOR THE FINALE ON THIS MANEUVER. WONDER IF TEX AND ANDRE WILL BE ALONG...?

BUT SUDDENLY, AN UNSCHEDULED NCIDENT '... A SMALL AMMUNITION CRAFT BREAKS LOOSE, AND...

SHE'S ON FIRE! SHE'LL EXPLODE!

LOOK! IT'S HEADIN' THIS WAY!

WE CAN'T FIRE AND SINK HER—SHE'S TOO CLOSE! GET OFF THIS BRIDGE. HURRY! RUN!

ABRUPTLY, TWO LONE FIGLRES DASH ONTO THE BRIDGE ...

STOP THOSE FOOLS!

C'MON, ALFY—I GOT A PLAN TO STOP DAT BOININ' GUNBOAT!

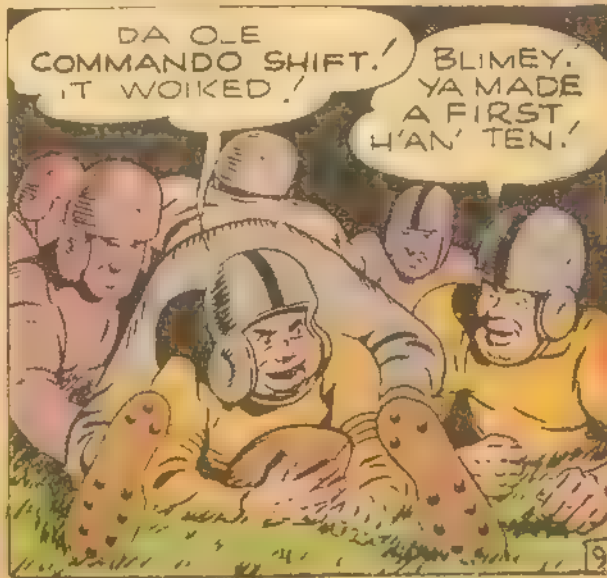
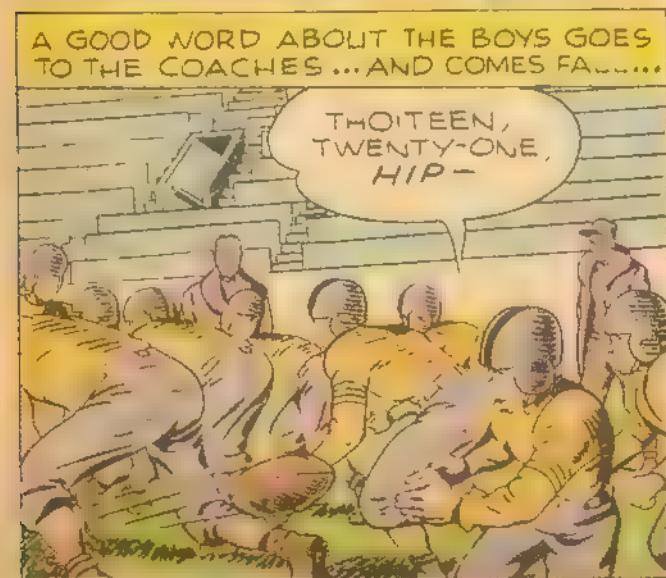
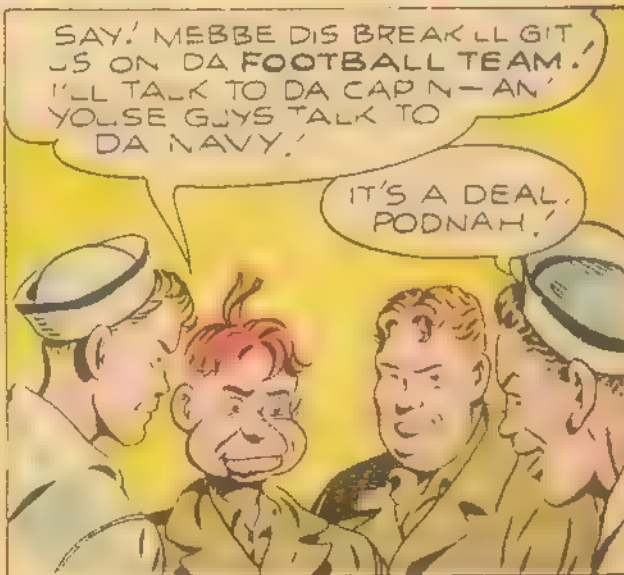
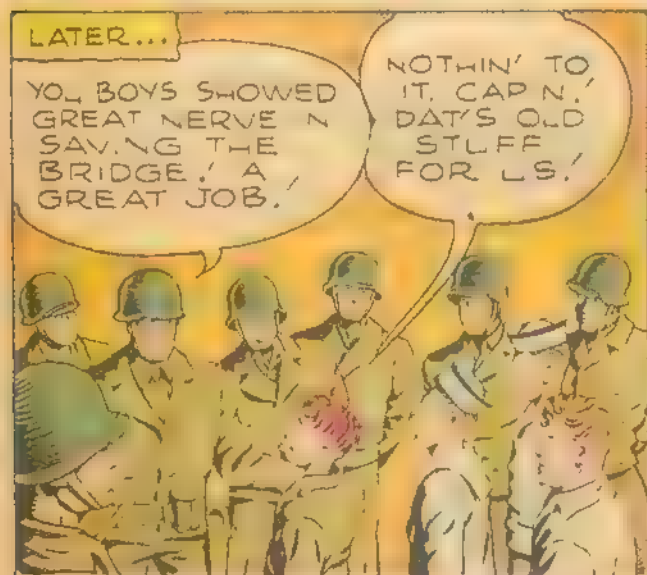
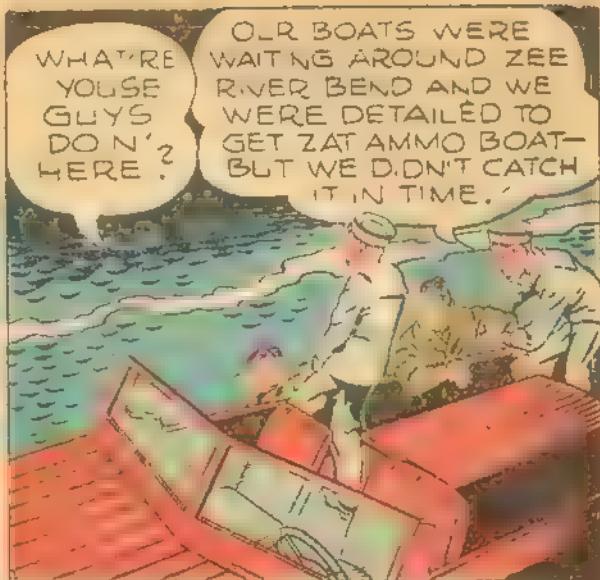
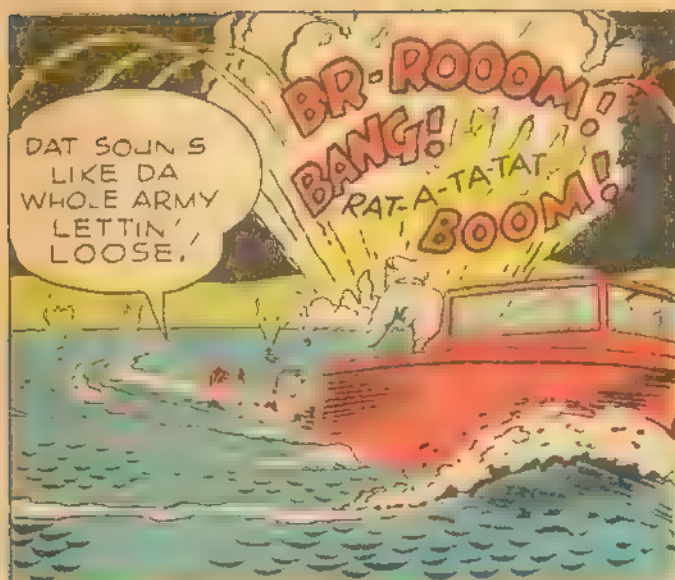
THE COMMANDOS GRAB THE TRAILING ROPES AND STEER THE BOAT INTO A CURRENT THAT CARRIES IT AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE.

SCRAM, ALFY—SHE'S GONNA BLOW UP NOW! WE GOT IT FAR 'NUFF!

SUDDENLY, AROUND THE RIVER'S BEND...

TEX! ANDRE!

GRAB ON, MES AMIS! HURRY!



AND AT ANNAPOLIS...

OKAY—HEAVE IT!

HERE'S WHERE THE OL' LASSO ARM COMES IN HANDY!

AT LAST THE COMMANDOS ARE SHOWING THE REFORM! NOW WE'LL SURELY BEAT THE ARMY!

FOOTBALL MEANS GRUELLING PRACTICE...

...FOR AT GAME TIME, THE WEEKS OF DRILL MUST PAY OFF!

THEY SAY THE ARMY HAS THE EDGE WITH BROOKLYN AND ALFY!

HA! THE NAVY'S GOT IT—WITH ANDRE AND TEX!

AND LOOK WHO'S IN THE STANDS! RIP CARTER—BACK FROM WAR COLLEGE!

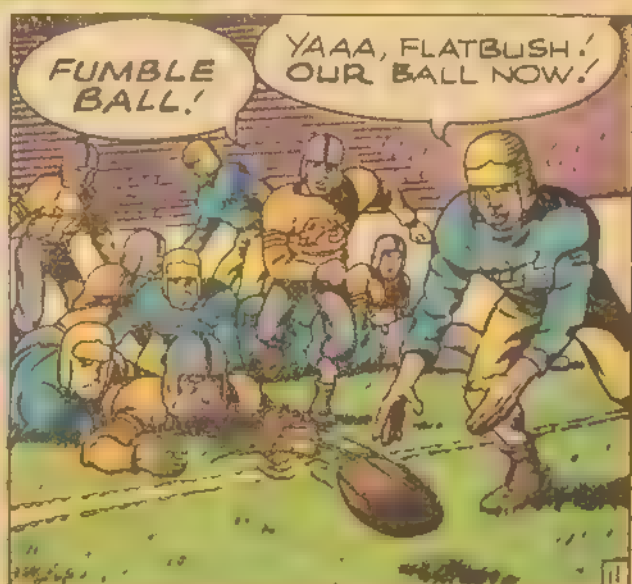
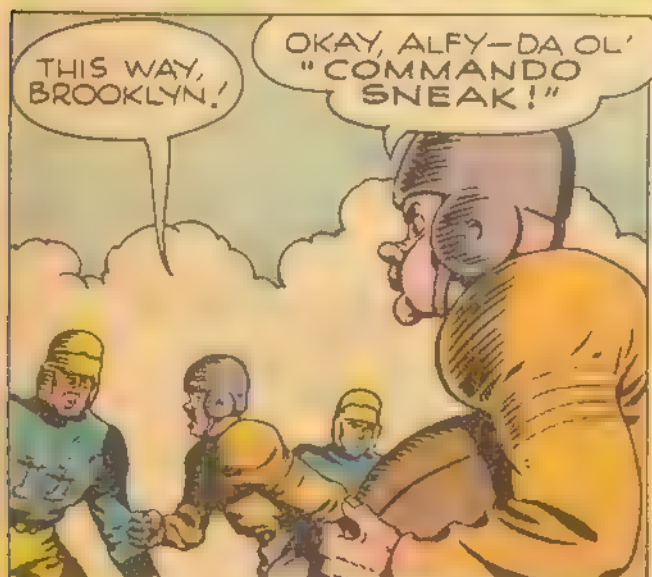
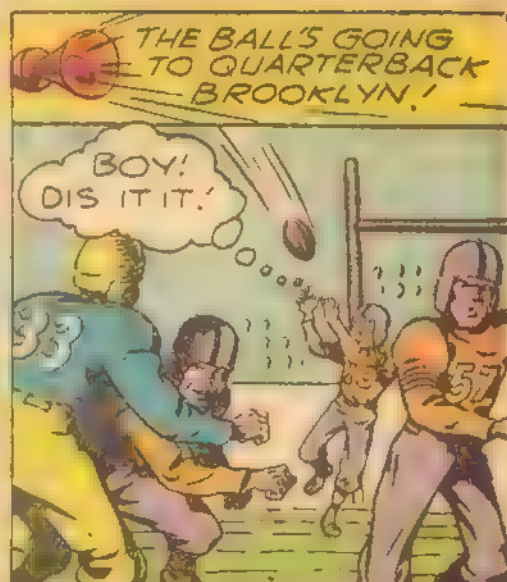
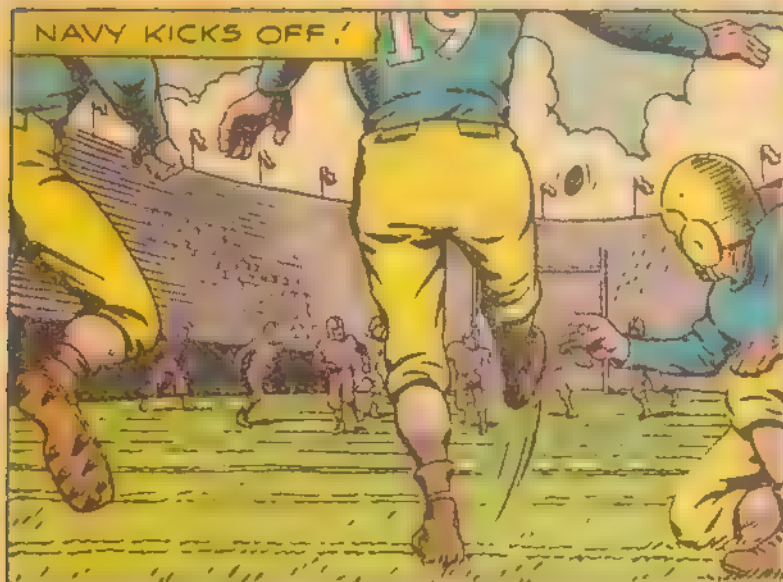
NOW WE'LL SEE IF THOSE COMMANDOS ARE AS GOOD AS THEY CLAIM!

LAST YEAR IT WAS A TIE GAME—BUT THIS YEAR SOMEBODY'S GOT TO WIN!

AND AS THE BANDS LEAVE THE FIELD, OUT COME THE TEAMS!

ANYBODY HERE FROM FLATBUSH?

YIPPEEE!

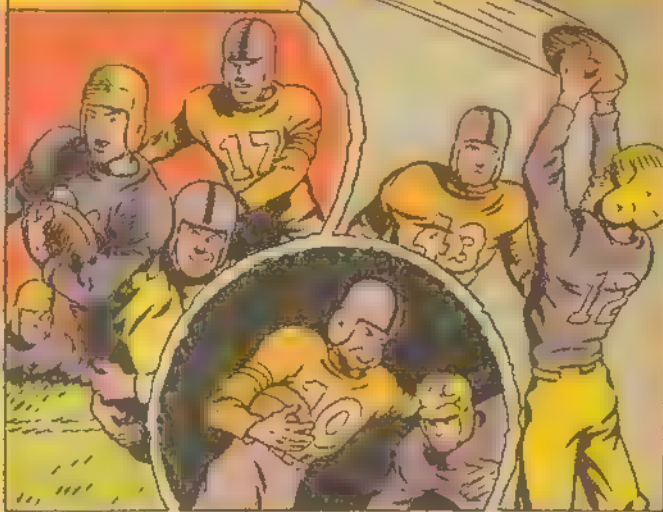




PICKING UP THE FUMBLED BALL, TEX STREAKS FOR THE GOAL LINE!



WITH A 6 TO 0 LEAD, NAVY PLAYS A TIGHT GAME...



THEN, IN THE FINAL MINUTES OF PLAY, BROOKLYN SETS UP THE FAMED STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY...

TAKE 'ER ALFY! DA STACHOO PLAY OUGHTTA DO IT!



AND AS ALFY RACES TOWARD A GROUP OF NAVY TACKLERS, HE LATERALS THE BALL BACK—

T'ROW IT, ALFY—T'ROW IT!



—AND BROOKLYN SLIDES ACROSS JUST IN TIME! THE GAME IS TIED!

DOC BLANCHARD'LL BE PROUD O' ME!

THE SCORE'S TIED! A TOUCHDOWN!

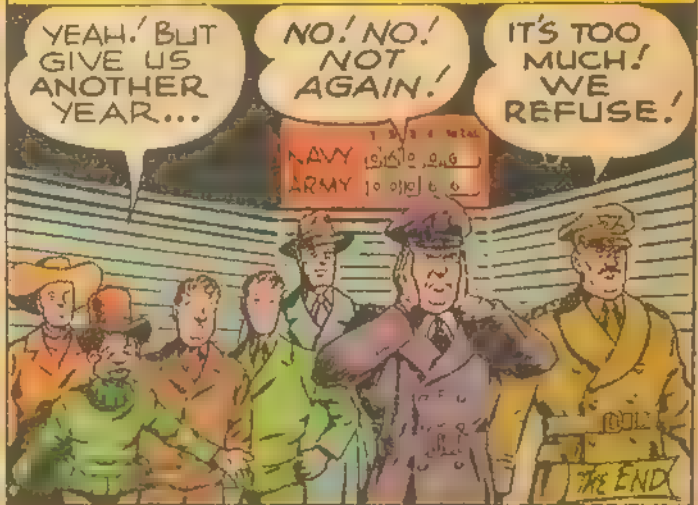


THE EXTRA POINT FAILS. THE TEAMS FILE OFF THE FIELD. AND LATER...

YEAH! BUT GIVE US ANOTHER YEAR...

NO! NO! NOT AGAIN!

IT'S TOO MUCH! WE REFUSE!



THE END

C'mon fellows get your **SUPERMAN**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



JACKETS and SWEATERS

GOSH, THE
FELLOWS AT OUR
SCHOOL MADE ME
HEAD OF THE
SUPERMAN
CLUB

ALL THE KIDS
IN MY NEIGHBOR-
HOOD THINK
MY SUPERMAN
SWEATER IS
SWELL

WOW, THIS JACKET
REALLY MAKES ME
FEEL LIKE THE MAN
OF STEEL



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RIVERBEND SCHOOL,
ATHOL, MASS.HE'S THE "SPARK
PLUG" OF HIS
FOOTBALL TEAM.HIS HOBBY--BUILDING
FASCINATING MINIATURE WAGONS,
BUGGIES, MODEL AIRPLANES--
WANTS TO STUDY FLYING
AFTER GRADUATION.BRIGHT SHIRTS AND
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BILL'S FAVORITE
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CLOTHES.STRAWBERRY
SHORTCAKE--
HIS FAVORITE
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is "Most Popular Boy" in his class
--and no wonder! Modest, good-
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Often brings home a creel-full
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stories, coffee ice-cream, jitter-
bugging. Known for his neat
clothes. Thinks for his neat
"GRO-CHART" a good idea--
because it helps keep kids from
stunting their foot growth with
out-grown shoes!

LOVES TO HUNT WITH HIS DAD
AND THEIR SETTER "LADY".
HOPES TO HUNT IN CANADA
NEXT YEAR.DON'T RISK STUNTING
YOUR FOOT GROWTH! USE
THE "GRO-CHART"--AND
KEEP THE HEALTHY FEET
OF A CHAMPION. IT'S FUN
TO BE "GRO-SCOPED" AT
YOUR NEAREST THOM
McAN STORE--AND YOU
GET A FREE CHART TO
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OF THE LATEST THOM McAN STYLES
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grow up in the time-honored traditions of a free people & the right to learn to SHOOT SAFELY. We recognize and accept the responsibility imposed by these Rights. But & until we are old enough to vote & we expect YOU & our fathers, mothers and other citizens who elect America's city, county, state and federal officers & to be eternally vigilant that our RIGHTS be not abridged!

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